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SONGS AND SAUNTERINGS OF A POET AND NATURALIST

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SONGS

AND

SAUNTERINGS

BY A

POET AND NATURALIST

GEO J BREED WM G BARTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WM P ANDREWS

SALEM MASS

THE SALEM PRESS PUBLISHING & PRINTING CO

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To BERTHA and DOROTHY,

IN MEMORY OF THEIR FATHER,

WILLIAM GARDNER BARTON,

1851–1890.

The one who best had guided your young years
In truth, thro' woodland ways, 'midst songs of birds,
Passed on. God willed it. You, too young to miss,
Have but his memory, and these living words.

A. M. B.

INTRODUCTION.

If we sit awhile under a tree at the South we seem to hear a thousand bird songs; now high, now low, they run through the whole range of bird music and fill us with delight. But at last we find that it is not the natural outpouring of a thousand warm little hearts to which we are listening; it is only the imitation of these, all given us by some clever little fellow ensconced in the topmost branches. When we have once made this discovery, the simplest happy chirp or exulting trill of our native wood-birds will give us more pleasure than all the borrowed cadenzas of his tropical brother, who, after all, is only a mocking bird.

We share with our old woodland favorites their joy or sorrow— while their southern brother is at best but a virtuoso, a lever performer merely.

So in the tropical growth of our later literature we may hear a thousand singers who run at ease through the whole gamut of human passion and fill the air with their endless harmonies. But they, too, like the mocking bird, have obtained their mu-

sic by "invocation to Dame Memory and her Siren Daughters;" and one genuine note of human feeling has, like our simple native bird-trill, far more lasting power to charm.

The present little collection of the poems and field notes of two shy, retiring spirits illustrates this most happily.

As a musician or as a poet Mr. Breed never had an audience in mind, nor the effect he was producing. The great masters of harmony had their message for him, and he sat at his piano and reverently listened for their word. The harmony in his soul moulded the messages of nature and life for him into rhythmic form, and he placed them on paper as personal memoranda, not as performances for the public eye or ear.

It is this quality which makes the special value of Mr. Breed's poetic work, a value his sensitive friend, Mr. Barton, was quick to recognize and has preserved for us in the selections here included, which were published by Mr. Barton after Mr. Breed's death, in the papers of their native city, to preserve them until such time as they could be put into more permanent form.

Mr. Barton's own delicate and sensitive observation of nature rarely assumed a metrical form; though specimens of his verse are here included, the work of each writer being distinguished by the initials of his signature.

Mr. Barton's work both in prose and verse betrays perhaps, more of literary intention; but has the distinctive value of fresh and original study of the moods and phases of nature, expressed in happiest terms by a poetical and imaginative spirit imbued with all that is best in literature.

Mr. Barton has been characterized as a naturalist, though he was an observer rather than student of nature in our modern sense, to distinguish him from his friend Mr. Breed, who was professionally the poet and musician. Both were meditative and introspective by nature and habit; but Mr. Barton was soon brought actively in contact with business life; and his early marriage, with its attendant cares and duties, left him scant leisure to meditate or record in verse the impressions that came to his sensitive imagination.

Mr. Breed, on the contrary, was never married, and lived largely the life of a recluse; a life conducive to that poetic melancholy which broods like an autumn haze over all his work in verse.

Perhaps we have the secret of this sad reserve which marked alike his measures and his manners in these lovely lines which Mr. Barton has rescued for us from the oblivion of his friend's manuscript.

Thou in my heart's best, holiest depths enshrined ;
Moon of my life ! by whom its waves are led ;
Who seem'st incarnate, good and true and kind,
Whose heavenly soul in thy meek face is read.

O Love of love! Benignant evening star!
Thou stand'st above the level of my life
Forever sweet! So near and yet so far!
So dear, my spirit claims thee as its wife.
Alas, thou art afar, unseen, unknown—
And yet, not so, for sure thou dwellest here
In a perpetual haven of thine own;
And for thou art so really, truly dear,
So closely wedded is my heart with thine,
I cannot but believe that thou art mine.

G. J. B.

Mr. Barton, however, in his briefer existence was surrounded by all the bustle of life, and by all those delightful influences of womanhood and lovely childhood which come to us in a happy marriage. During his later years he lived a large part of the time in the country, and to this circumstance we owe the charming notes on country sights and sounds included in this volume.

The work of both these friends is not printed separately, but interspersed as seems appropriate, for though the medium is different, one using verse and the other prose as the vehicle of his thought and feeling, the thought itself and the motive are often substantially identical, and one becomes but the complement of the other, recalling in this something of the charm which has so long fascinated the world in Walton's Complete Angler: for ere "*this discourse can become tedious, I shall give*

it a sweet conclusion" from the poet, who here accompanies the naturalist in all his rambles.

Mr. Barton's literary kinship to the work of Thoreau, Burroughs and Flagg is manifest; but they are the result of original and living acquaintance with nature, not of merely literary aspiration. Their relationship to the more widely known writers in this field appears to best advantage in Mr. Barton's appreciative and discriminating estimate of the work of his predecessors.

WM. P. ANDREWS.

SALEM, APRIL, 1892.

Songs and Saunterings

Thoreau, Flagg and Burroughs.[1]

We meet in life with successive revelations — minor conversions — when to our extended vision appear truths and beauties not clearly seen before; revelations poetic, æsthetic, religious, ethical, social, scientific, more or less marked according to temperament and circumstance. These three authors pulled cords which raised an obscuring curtain from between my eyes and what we call Nature. Thoreau pulled first and hardest. I was startled and puzzled, perhaps somewhat led astray, by his radical unconventionalism; but I believe no other author, unless Emerson, can bring his reader so very close to that great nature which both shuts us in and

[1]This article was originally printed in the transactions of the Essex Institute before which Society the paper was first read. It was there filled with copious quotations from the authors named, to illustrate the subject; but, as we are now chiefly interested in the essayist himself, these portions are omitted to give more space for the present theme which is Mr. Barton's own work.

lures us forth ; can make him so deeply feel the reality of her kinship to man — the actual existence of "the Oversoul"—of God, in both.

From 1817 to 1862 lived this unique man. He graduated at Harvard College, taught school, helped his father make lead pencils, practised land-surveying, but was always and chiefly a scrutinizer of nature and of himself, and a ponderer upon the relations between the two. In Concord, Mass., he was born, spent the greater part of his life, and died — a bachelor of bachelors. He read studiously, even into the ancient classics and the sacred literature of the East. He wrote essays and poems for the periodicals, lectured, and kept a voluminous journal. *Walden*— the most important of his books to a student of Thoreau—a collection of eighteen essays suggested by the author's solitary residence for over two years in a cabin built by himself near Walden Pond, was for the most part written therein. This experiment in living did not prove much. It provoked severe criticism, and has had to yield to much of it. But it has been greatly misunderstood. It was born of a high idea in which was naught of baseness or of laziness.

Naturally there ensued a love for Burroughs' delectable books — books possessing a certain acute sensuousness; a power to titillate the mind by their marvellous aptness of expression, yet strong

with keen accuracy of observation, and warm with a manly good-fellowship. It was inevitable, too, that the simple, earnest books by dear old Wilson Flagg should come to my notice and become highly prized. In them were our very dooryards and gardens put into classic literary form—Beverly and Danvers embalmed in the choicest English, forming literature, serene and dignified, yet graphic, exact, and entertaining. Flagg was in some respects inferior to both of the other authors; but if I could *own* the books of only one of the three, they should be Flagg's. He did not consider celibacy essential to a Priest of Nature, but was an affectionate husband for forty-four years. Yet he was much a recluse. In the sense in which Thoreau thought Nature enough for himself, we may say that Flagg found Nature and his family sufficient.

John Burroughs, who is still living, was born in Roxbury, N. Y., in 1837. If Thoreau be cold, and Flagg kindly and genial, here we have a flesh and blood fellow-mortal indeed. No solitary life for him. He is not like Hamlet, for man delights him and woman too. He marries before he is of age. Thoreau was locked up for not paying his poll-tax to a slavery-sustaining government. To be sure, slavery is dead, but we can hardly think of the government-despising Thoreau as willing to occupy like Burroughs responsible positions in the

Treasury Department, or becoming a National Bank Examiner. In considering these authors, I must be incomplete, and therefore necessarily somewhat unfair. A complete review of Thoreau would include a study of his egotistic, original, sensitive genius, his uncompromising allegiance to absolute principles, his political and social theories and experiments—in short himself; to Flagg's books I cannot do justice, or more than hint at the honor due them; and notice of Burroughs' work as a literary critic must be altogether omitted. Each has peculiar merits, and my comparisons, I hope, will not be odious. I thought by presenting these authors in one paper, I could more easily bring out the several characteristics of their writings, and awaken further curiosity in them. Thoreau is noted for phrases or sentences very simple in themselves but exactly applicable to some familiar object or scene, seldom or never before spoken of in literature,—something we have often noticed but never quite conceived. (Burroughs has a similar habit practised more rhetorically.)

This knack is not so much the happy choice of words as the capture of the elusive idea.

Thoreau is ever trying to learn some stoical lesson from Nature, some severe ethics, refined and intangible. This is very characteristic and is often carried to an extreme. What men dislike, that surely must be virtue, according to this man. The

Matterhorn in its sublime, eternal resistance—*it* stands for righteousness. When Thoreau rides his highest horse, his perverseness makes the reader contrary, and one prefers the poor fool who has drank himself tipsy with sociability at the tavern to this half-cynical philosopher who takes his cold and lonely draught from Walden Pond and thanks himself he is not as the publicans.

Over roads and fields, frozen swamps and rivers and into the woods, this morning winter-walker takes us, musing and talking as he goes.

Let us turn to "January" by Flagg. "The exhilaration of mind attending a winter walk in the fields and woods, when the earth is covered with snow, surpasses any emotion of the kind which is produced by the appearance of Nature at other seasons." As illustrated by this sentence, Flagg is in the habit of theorizing about and analyzing the effect of scenes upon the human mind in general. Why does this please or that displease? His style is finished and orderly, very unvarying. He seldom digresses, makes few classical allusions, and has not many short striking passages. He is never obscure, as Thoreau often is. He is careful not to overstate or understate. Thoreau and Burroughs purposely overstate. Flagg is perfectly self-possessed. In his books, correspondence, and conversation, his strong assurance was accompanied by gentleness of manner. Burroughs writes with a push and energy, astir, alert, jogging you, hold-

ing you, a quality very distinct from a sort of listless docility common to Thoreau when describing, and from Flagg's thoughtful tranquillity and gliding fluency. His writings abound in original conceits and fancies. The peeping frogs, he says, cause an impenetrable maze or cloud of shrill musical voices to rise from each marshy hollow. The trout brook has, by absorbing the shadows, become itself a denser shade. Thoreau introduces similiar fancies, and oftener strains a point, as "the bluebird with her warble in the Spring drills the ice" which is poor—and others worse. But here is another from Thoreau, just as essentially untrue, which does great service in expressing the idea. "The sharp whistle of the blackbird too is heard like single sparks, or a shower of them, shot up from the swamp and seen against the dark winter in the rear."

Burroughs is vivid and dramatic. He aims not at finish but at force. Everything available for conveying his impression to you is used. He does not fear exclamations, strong figures, or colloquialisms. He is a rapid painter with a bold, free touch. For the same thought he tries phrase after phrase as an artist tries brighter and brighter shades to produce a desired effect; puts his own very life into the scene and makes it in print forever alive for his readers.

In Thoreau's *Summer* is a remarkable description of the bobolink's song. "I hear the note of a bobolink concealed in the top of an apple-tree

behind me. Though this bird's full strain is ordinarily somewhat trivial, this one appears to be meditating a strain as yet unheard in meadow or orchard." Here you perceive the mystical tendency, which appears again farther on. Flagg tells us when he is fancying; Burroughs knows he is fancying, but does not inform the reader; while Thoreau often seems to consider his fancies to be inspirations and especially profound ones vouchsafed to him alone. Burroughs is prodigal of adjectives.

Thoreau loved the *wild*—the untamable spirit in himself, the untamed things in Nature; and quite naturally while Burroughs calls an essay "Apples," Thoreau heads his "*Wild* Apples." He begins in an historical vein. Then he considers the insects, birds, and quadrupeds, which welcomed the apple-tree to our shores. He has much to say of the fragrance and flavor of the fruit.

He describes how the wild apple-tree develops, neglected by man and cropped by the browsing cattle. He loves the sour and acrid flavor of this poor, wild fruit, partly because of its romantic associations, and partly because he enjoys being a martyr. But he admits they can only be eaten out of doors.

Again—"What is sour in the house a bracing walk makes sweet. Some of these apples might be labelled 'To be eaten in the wind.'"

Wilson Flagg's love for the spontaneous probably never led him to relish *wild* apples, or to

imagine he did. Nor did he, like Burroughs, love eating well enough to celebrate Baldwins and Pippins. But in his book upon trees he writes very finely upon "Old Orchards."

Burroughs does certainly have a belief in the gratification of the senses— a wholesome epicureanism. Witness the essay upon the strawberry and this one upon the apple. Given these three men and three saucers of strawberries: Burroughs would eat his eagerly, smack his lips, and, if urged, try more. Thoreau would eat a few with great deliberation. If two satisfied his *mind* he would stop without regard to his *stomach*. If they were Wilsons, he might continue for discipline. Flagg would eat some of his, possibly all of them unless the hour were unseasonable.

Burroughs on the apple is all spirited and racy, though not strained nor stilted. He is filled with his subject (possibly in two senses), and writes with a rush, careful in retouching not to mar the spontaneous appearance nor weaken idiomatic phrases. So absorbing does he become when at his best, that we forget style, forget we are reading, and are borne swiftly along the pages. The words become a transparent medium through which the reality is seen.

As "The Apple" may be thought Burroughs' best single essay, so I am disposed to say that "Autumnal Tints" is the best of Thoreau's. It is an

exhaustive account of the tints which the various trees assume in the fall. He begins with the grasses, devotes several pages to praise of the brilliant poke or garget, and then regards each important tree and shrub of his native place. Though so very true to nature, the article is certainly worthy to be called a poem. Read it once and you will wonder why each person of intelligence does not read it every Autumn.

Flagg gives us no such glowing panorama. Each tree is described in its place, but there is an essay called "Autumn Woods" which is quite fine in its own way, if it pales before the one just considered. It is hardly right to quote from such a seamless fabric.

Burroughs has not written especially of autumnal foliage.

Flagg is so little of a humorist that we need not consider him in that respect. Thoreau is more a wit than a humorist, and his humor is very apt to be sarcastic. Burroughs is a true humorist, when he is one at all. He has *his* laugh and gives us *ours*, when there is no great wit manifest. He is impatient with people who never get beyond a smile. He does not think a social, contagious, hearty laugh, even when it is out of proportion to the joke, a thing to be ashamed of. Thoreau knew that people would be amused at those actions which would now be called "cranky." His chapter on the bean-

field is full of his fun. Seven miles of beans he cultivated, for self-culture, each row fifteen rods long. The whole crop, from two and one-half acres of virgin, unmanured soil, consisting of beans and a few potatoes, pease, and turnips, netted him between eight and nine dollars. He joins in your smiles. Of Spring he says "March fans it, April christens it, May puts on its jacket and trousers." The golden-winged woodpecker utters his notes in the spring woods, and Thoreau compares him to a family returning to an empty house.

The doors are thrown open, and children go screaming through the hall. So the flicker dashes through the aisles of the grove, throws up a window here and cackles out of it, and then there, airing the house.

Rivers eat into the bank on one side and grow shallower upon the other. So he says: "Thus in the course of ages the river wriggles in its bed till it feels comfortable." His puns provoke groans; Walden pond is *walled in* by the stones of its banks. The rise of the water kills off the trees, and the shores are *shorn*.

The student of Thoreau's writings, at once so objective and inductive and so subjective and transcendental, finds himself involved in a study of the man. Much that Thoreau wrote can be understood only in the light of his character. The beginner with him will be puzzled, may be shocked, possi-

bly so enraged or disgusted as to drop him altogether. One should commence cautiously, say with *Cape Cod*, "Autumnal Tints," or the description of the ponds in *Walden*. He is bracing and tonic. Perhaps if you dislike him it is partly because he has awakened your conscience. He lets you off easy in the matter of attending church or giving to the poor; but I do believe that the nerve which his probe touches in the mind is quite often the Spirit of God. Thoreau believes the most strongly in the unseen, and I like him for that. This heathen, so scornful of churches and creeds, we find far more Christian on certain sides than many Christians. Is he too literally consistent with what the ministers say when they exaggerate? Thoreau had a true, deep soul sadly uncultivated on the human side. That element of Christianity which has guarded against sensuality, fostered closet devotion and self-examination, which has declared seen things temporal, which has developed rankly into asceticism and penance, found response in Thoreau. The Kingdom of God was within him—too much within him. These things are the bones of Christianity. We so miss the last and greatest of the three graces in his heart, that, religiously considered, much that he wrote seems to us as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. With only the temptations from trees, sky and woodchucks, who could not be truthful, absolute? The problem of life is

not how should the abstract man hitch his wagon to a star, but how shall we concrete men live, surrounded by and embedded in so much that is false, relative, and temporary. It is a nobler, braver work to set men an example of how to live true to principle, in affairs, with business, family, responsibility, than to teach them how they might thus live provided they renounced these things.

Thoreau is seldom or never enthusiastic. Or rather his enthusiasm is reversed and negative. He, the inflexible Thoreau, will be on his guard and not be moved, much less plunge in head foremost like Burroughs. Yet I do not retract what I have said, that there is something listless about him. But it is subordinate to a self-control and within it. It is a sort of quietism, a waiting for the Spirit, like Emerson's. But he would grow suspicious did the Spirit move too deeply. In his *feelings* he is no slouch. He stands erect, so erect that he bends backward. Extremes meet in him. He is a greater paradox than any he wrote. He takes such pains to be well-balanced that he becomes ill-balanced. How cunning is Satan! No luxury for him — so he luxuriates in his frugality. No compromises— so he stands aloof from his kind. No hypocrisy —but in its place a sincerity so perfect that tenderness is forgotten, *no* preferred to *yes*. No weak dependence —but a stern, forbidding self-sufficiency. Sincerity becomes an idol. Must not a gospel be

for the weak and the wayward as much as for the strong and the circumspect? His life was better than his preaching. Such individualism logically carried out would I fear produce a fiend as soon as a saint.

Wilson Flagg wrote, "my object is to inspire my readers with a love of nature and simplicity of life, confident that the great fallacy of the present age is that of mistaking the increase of the national wealth for the advancement of civilization." His essay on the Domestic Scenery of New England, strikes, as it were, the common chord of the key in which his books are composed. He does not advocate a hollow tree, pignuts, or absorption into the Infinite. But he believes happiness is oftener acquired by habits of contentment and simplicity than by feverish ambition and ostentatious display. He especially decries landscape gardening, trimmed hedges, and all tawdriness and gaudiness. He aims at a clear and correct description of the "country," as we understand that term—the old winding roads bordered with spontaneous shrubbery, the stone-walls, meadows, woods, rivers, berry pastures, farm-houses, barns, well-sweeps, little wayside shoe-shops, school-houses, flowers, birds and trees. He may be formal and old-fashioned in style — more like Irving or Addison than most modern writers, but he is a gentleman of the old school, urbane, and uniformly courteous towards his

reader. Burroughs becomes almost impertinently familiar, Thoreau actually saucy. Flagg maintains his equilibrium without effort. He fires no rockets, utters no prophecy, but betrays an earnest purpose. He scoffeth not, but cannot suppress a curl of the lip at the efforts of the rich to feed upon show and the poor upon the imitation of it. But most of his satire is between the lines. He is much more comprehensive than Thoreau or Burroughs, noticing all the important features of the scenery and seasons of eastern Massachusetts. He is suited for all readers and for all moods. He is not sombre, but his cheer is so grave that one could read his books in hours of trouble or affliction, when Burroughs' loud exclamations and playfulness might pain, and Thoreau's paradoxes and humbuggery disgust. He wears well. Burroughs at first perusal is bewitching. But the witchery of a passage is soon exhausted and only renewed for us when time has dimmed our recollection of it, so that we may be surprised again. Burroughs never wrote a dull word. They are all pungent, to the point, unerring, like Carlyle's. He has no especial philosophy or ethics to inculcate. He does not trip over the relative in grasping for the absolute. His aim is to warmly convey his sensuous impression to the reader. With exuberance of animal spirits, he plunges into his subject, confident that you will follow. What he feels you shall share. He is

neither dry—meaning prosy—nor dry in his jokes, but juicy, unctuous, lush, hearty. His cheek flushes, and he is not ashamed, but looks for the answering color in yours. At adjectives, especially those which personify, imply force and activity, he is a very master. In his use of words, he illustrates the great unity of all things—the mystery, the poetry, which makes it right to apply the adjective *soft* to a substance, a surface, water, a sound, color, touch, remark, or a man, or whereby fire, cheeks, words, eyes, feelings, thoughts may be said to *burn*. He writes when he enjoys it, and then I think rapidly. But he must carefully revise for words. At this he hints when he says of the strawberry, "Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint at its supreme virtues." Is there anything artificial or feverish in this expressiveness? It is very entertaining, and yet,—I hesitate to speak it — we do once in a while tire just a little. Notwithstanding these qualities, he is, I think, the most correct of the three in his statement of actual fact. Thoreau sees the *full* moon at noon, and Flagg hears cicadas chirping on Autumn evenings, but I have not caught him napping.

Thoreau rouses, awakens; Flagg soothes and comforts; Burroughs stimulates and gratifies. Thoreau seeks too much within himself for intuitions, and is more or less erratic in his course. Flagg looks at Nature, meditates, and gives us a consecu-

tive, steadily flowing product. Burroughs sees, hears, smells, feels, fancies, thinks, and bursts forth copious and rich. Thoreau generalizes, finds analogies between the seen and the unseen. Flagg and Burroughs mostly let the mysteries rest. Burroughs speaks of self when it serves his purpose; Flagg very seldom; Thoreau flaunts it. Flagg is not very quotable in short passages. Thoreau has many odd thoughts, quaint expressions, and picturesque bits. Burroughs has new ways of saying things and abounds in "pat" phrases. Thoreau makes you lonesome, and you confer with your neighbor about him. Burroughs is so confidential and personal that you take him to your bosom rather greedily and are jealous of your neighbor's equal admiration. Flagg is very sane and wholesome, salad for the solitary or for a roomful. Flagg we call soup, bread, meat; so are the others in a measure, but Thoreau is also nectar, ambrosia, and bitters, while Burroughs affords the sweets and condiments.

Thoreau's love for Nature is his deepest feeling and yet Platonic. He is joined to her in spiritual wedlock—the carnal eliminated. But *he* is the feminine and receptive element. *She* is the fertilizing force. He believes in her spirituality, as it were personality, listens for her voice, awaits her instructions, is even misled by her, is *one possessed*. His nearness to her is occasionally almost solemn—

when he catches a glimpse of a something which the reader almost sees, a hushed, mysterious, silent, awful order, almost consciousness, as of mind, in her and not of him.

Burroughs' love for Nature is not Platonic, is not so deep, but is more passionate and more intermittent. He believes not in her spirituality. Her only reality is scientific, he says, the rest is in his own mind. He is not awed by her. He courts her, he loves and possesses her as a honeymoon husband his bride, and to his hyperbole and metaphor she seems to assent.

Flagg is hardly wedded. But what an acquaintance with the dame! broad and intimate if not familiar. Many a marriage doth not involve so sweet a friendship.

Let us cultivate a love for Nature by communing with those who love her; but let us not mistake poetic emotion or artistic feeling for religion, or think a high degree of culture attained if our moral sense or our neighbor has been ignored. Perhaps the benevolent affirmations of Nature outweigh her malevolent negations; but natural religion alone is thin diet. These walkers in the fields teach us great things. But we should not be in haste to deny that a walker in Judæan fields teaches us the greatest things.

W. G. B.

And in this connection we will listen for a moment to Mr. Barton's poet friend.

THE DUMB CHRIST.

Ay, dumb! Why *should* he speak? Had he not spoken?
But who believed? Who but at last forsook,
And left him on the world's wheel to be broken,
Who had escaped the meaning of that look?
Ay, dumb! Of what avail were speaking *now?*
Powers of the world were speaking near and far,
In whom he had no part, for on his brow
Was set a crown that held no glittering star;
His robes were not the robes of mortal kings—
The Wronged, the Bruised, the Desolated One!
Nor was his kingdom one of earthly things,—
Sin's Victim-martyr, God's obedient Son!
Speak? He had spoken as man never spake,
Words that earth's multitudinous *dead* shall yet *awake!*

G. J. B.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.'

Then will I give out of the heart's great store,
Give as the rivers flowing to the sea.
Give to the full,—till I can give no more,
Nor ever ask it once returned to me.
Take, O ye needy, though I thirst and die,
All that I have and am, heart, life, and limb,

Take, for the love of Christ doth sanctify,
I give as I were giving unto Him.
O trembling hearts that wither in the shade,
Come forth and sun ye in the light of God;
He hateth nothing He hath ever made,
But loveth most when most doth fall the rod.
Come forth, ye hungry, here is store for all—
Bread without stint, whoe'er doth crave or call.

G. J. B.

BEVERLY BRIDGE.—I.

"I, too, saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,
Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light round the shape of my head in the sun-lit water."

W. WHITMAN.

All bridges are poetic and interesting, from the mossy log flung across the little brook in the meadow to that stupendous illustration of human genius and of the power of accumulated capital, the New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge. Our own Beverly Bridge is no exception to the rule. I say *Beverly* Bridge, because that is its real name in spite of the christened name which heads the weather-beaten board of toll-rates nailed as a relic to an outbuilding on one of its piers. The euphonious alliteration proved too great a temptation, and no one knows now where *Essex* Bridge is. A complete history of this structure would prove very interesting, including some account of the old ferry, and details of the inception and development of the idea of a bridge, the controversies over it, its

building, tolls, repairs, improvements, and the incidents connected with its existence. I have no such object in view, aiming merely to present in a familiar way some of my thoughts about it, and some of my recollections with which it is associated.

At the time to which I refer, the primary use for Beverly Bridge in the mind of the boy was as a fishing place; its use as a highway between Salem and Beverly being secondary, or only incidental. If you examine the top rail of its fences, you shall find upon the outer edge many smooth grooves made by the friction of fishing lines which the followers of the gentle Isaac have cast into the pleasant places below. Some of these grooves have been deepened by the knife to mark lucky spots. The old rail, removed some years ago, probably had more of these. Fishing from the bridge seems, like many ancient arts and virtues, to have largely gone out of fashion, and the angler now seen there is often "the lone fisherman" indeed. But the custom is by no means extinct, especially upon the piers, for wherever fish are, there will the boys be gathered together.

"All right—you dig the clams, and I'll be 'gangeing' the hooks and getting the worms," saith the hopeful boy. Accordingly, one, with spade and basket, attended by flocks of irritating midges, explores the (then not as fragrant) flats of Collins'

Cove or North River, mining where clam-holes are largest and clam-fountains highest, and procures a sufficiency of half smashed bivalves. And 'twas no small job; for the cunners at the bridge—mostly of the small, green, slimy variety—from their proximity to civilization and consequent constant practice, had become adepts in the art of stealing bait. The other lad, meanwhile, betakes himself to Hale's, where, out of the bewildering affluence of pistols, pocket-knives, sleds, and skates, he chooses the blue and deadly fish-hooks. Returning home, he gets from his mother's work-basket a chunk of bees-wax and some thread, and, whistling softly all the time, hitches, twists, and rolls the latter, till hooks enough are "ganged," and to spare. These are securely impaled upon a porter cork and placed in a tin box. An old mustard-box is filled with earth-worms, the boy with the clams appears—spattered with mud, the lines, neatly wound and furnished with heavy sinkers to withstand the swift current, are placed in the basket, the pockets are crammed with pilot-bread for lunch (generally consumed before the bridge is reached) and the two set out with high hopes and emphatic injunctions from anxious parents to be careful.

How many Salem boys have had good times fishing from Beverly Bridge! What did we catch? much, not counting the fish; air, sunshine, happi-

ness, patience, exercise, and unconsciously, strong and lasting mental impressions from the brightness and beauty of the scene. But of fish—first and foremost, grubbies. Yes, the sculpin, dear to the soul of every true and hearty boy on this Massachusetts coast. Look at him! With yawning, chasmic mouth, beautifully mottled tail, and very little body besides; with a scalp tightly drawn over a head possessing bumps that would puzzle a phrenologist (but we boys knew his character) and horns strong and sharp enough to penetrate a stout boot; with wicked, glaring eyes, and pectoral fins like the wings of Apollyon himself. With what deep, half-heard, half-felt mutterings, he growled his anger as with difficulty we extracted the hook from his gullet! What frightful, convulsive gasps the poor fellow took at the dry and deadly air! The merciful and sentimental boys kicked him back again,—perhaps only to be recaptured, but the more practical, utilitarian youth (now doubtless on the high road to fortune) saved him and his unfortunate relatives to be bartered for lobsters at Tucker's or Davis's—those elysiums of lobster-loving lads. Don't you remember the reddish, rough-skinned species called the sun-grubby? When one was caught, the boys were wont to scratch him with a stick till he sucked in air enough to inflate himself into a life-preserver, when he was thrown overboard, that they might watch his ineffectual

struggles to get under water, while his wet white belly gleamed in the sunshine as he floated miserably off with the tide. Then we caught crabs and star-fish: the latter were useless and left to wilt and dry up; the former we declared excellent boiled, and put them into the basket, where they winked, sputtered and scratched, but we generally threw them away at the start for home. When a boy pulled in a young codfish, he thought it an exploit, and fondled the slippery little beard of its under jaw with exultant delight. But, all this time, the cunners were nibbling off the bait, so that we oftener pulled up bare hooks than fish. However, we did catch sometimes a good many cunners, but the average quantity of bait required for each fish was enormous. Pollock seized our hook while we were pulling up or when not fishing at sufficient depth, and rushed about in lively style before deciding to yield. The staple fish, which seldom failed, were flounders — varying from the neat bluish-white bellied, fluttering, young ones, to the large, coarse, powerful, yellow-bellied, sand-paper-backed plank-smashers, vicious and violent, taking muscle to pull them in, and both hands to hold them down for the other boy to extract the hook. Those individuals which had been brought up in bad neighborhoods, possessed a not aromatic flavor, commonly known as "muddy;" but the popular prejudice against this fish has little foundation.

Boys *without* troublesome parents, and disobedient ones *with* them, often fished from the piers; and also from planks underneath the bridge itself near the draw, while the horses' hoofs thundered overhead, and the chips and dust sifted through. On unlucky days, we shifted from place to place, unwinding and winding up our lines, using all the prescribed means to bring luck, such as sundry manipulations of the bait, movements of the line, and recitations of certain cabalistic rhymes famed to be efficacious in wooing the fish. But upon some days, all these, as well as lobster-tail and sea-worm bait, proved of no avail to prevent our becoming objects of ridicule at home. In the intervals between the waitings for a bite, we watched the warping of vessels through the draw, prepared bait, or lay in our seclusion under the bridge, and gazed into the water where the proper relations of sunlight and shadow made it possible to peer far into its light-green depths. Stubborn, well-fed cunners swam about in leisurely companies; and a long ribbon of kelp or "devils apron" attached to a post, and swaying slowly to and fro in graceful curves, gave us hints of horrid sea-monsters far below. And in fact we did, on rare occasions, look down upon the back of a great tautog, finding his way in and out among the barnacled piles. If a wise and silent man, with stouter line and enigmatic bait, chanced to secure one of these fine fish, with

what reverence and envy was he regarded, and how minutely was the fish itself examined, with its massive head and shoulders, thick lips, large and strong teeth! Mackerel, of wondrous delicate beauty, were abundant on certain days in their season; but the "pogies," though swarming by myriads, heeded not the bait, preferring to be captured at wholesale by the fishermen's seine. That hideous relic of antediluvian days, the skate, and the serpent-like conger-eel were rarely seen, but we were always expecting to capture some wonderful creature, perhaps the veritable sea-serpent himself. Even on unlucky days, the catch of fun was large. The sun's rays, beating on the water, were reflected into our faces, and the ruddy complexion thus produced was proudly cherished as a souvenir of the occasion. I shall try hereafter to say something of Beverly Bridge, considered not as a fishing-ground, but more as a place of sunsets, breezes, and pleasant views. W. G. B.

Before the Sea.

Thou endless, endless sea,
A vision thou'rt to me,
So soft, so fair,
So still, so blue,
So dim, so true,
Infinite hope and infinite despair!

O weary, weary sea,
Unreal art thou to me
As any dream;
So softly pictured forth,
A shadow on God's earth,
Lit by a gleam!

Fading too soon away,
Leaving thee cold and gray,
This evening hour;
But still so fair art thou,
How can I leave thee, how
Break from thy power?

Gazing, though day is dead,
(How like *life* is it sped!)
Waiting, unblest;
What can'st thou give to me,
Infinite mystery,—
Nothing but *rest?*

My soul goes out to thee,
Thou lonely, darkening sea,
With love's full power;
Yea, I am *one with thee;*
One is our mystery,
And one our dower.

G. J. B.

BEVERLY BRIDGE.—II.

Alfred Barron, in a bright little book called "Foot-notes," scouts the notion of taking a walk *nowhere*, believing that a person should always

have an object in view, though it be a hill, a tree, or a bird's-nest. Exceptions to this are not wanting, but it makes a very good rule; and to dwellers in Salem, Beverly Bridge, its piazza, offers an excellent "objective point" for a short walk. Some persons know this, and among them "down to the bridge" is a common phrase. There they find ample sky-room and plenty of fresh air. There is the place to see storms, sunsets, comets, meteoric showers, yellow-days, and the Boston balloon on the afternoon of the Fourth of July. To one who is fond of the water, standing upon Beverly Bridge is the next best thing to being in a boat. People walk toward it because they know it is there, even when they have no intention of reaching it. Indeed the influence of the old bridge is strong. We who live over half a mile away are very sensible of this, and on still nights may even hear the sound of the travel over it. But in the minds of the few who live near it, either in the city or in the town, the bridge must hold a prominent place, and the rumble of cart and car and the drumming of the horses' hoofs become as familiar to their ears as the sounds of the household. One of Salem's longest streets, which bends its great bow along the North River, feels this influence its entire length and is called Bridge street—a street having, along its middle and greater part, fine and even elegant homes, dry walks, many shade trees, but which in these respects is rather disappointing at either end.

On the way to the bridge this fact, particularly to the eyes of a stranger, is very apparent. The less comely houses, unpainted and rickety fences, glaring bill-boards, unfertile and ill-kempt fields, and in dry weather, all prevailing dustiness, in wet, muddiness, combine to mar the good name of Bridge street. But we, whose privilege it has been in all weathers and seasons, to walk along it toward the bridge, have learned to gather beauty by the way. The glimpses down the side streets, toward the cove upon the right hand, and the river on the left, are pleasing to all who are ready to take what nature offers. A bit of water, the farther shore, a boat perhaps, and a patch above of the ever present sky, blue, grey, golden, crimson, often form at the end of a street a picture fit to hang on the walls of paradise.

If some of my readers, travelled, with appetites only for scenery condimented by Alps or Niagara, smile wisely at these remarks, whether in ridicule or good-natured patronage, let them not misunderstand this to be an apologetic bid for their admiration of these things. Nor have I any sympathy with those persons who turn up their noses at nature's relatively small favors, and rave over the sweetness of a few spots of color on a china plate.

After we pass March street (which, we notice, leaps the Eastern Railroad track as the New York highways vault the Erie Canal), there are but few

houses, and the whole appearance of the street has changed. On our right hand lies "Parson White's" (Pierce and Waite's) field, ditched, thistle-grown near the road, and so low as to be almost salt-marsh; yet grazing cattle roam over it. It is a waving, golden sea of buttercups in their season; and its herbage is the only home I know in this neighborhood of a certain species of sparrow possessing a tiny, modest, cricket-like song. Boys love this field, and in winter skate and slide on its creeks and pools. It once seemed to me of prairie-like extent, but the buildings at the upper end, the immense gas-holder and other structures belonging to the Gas Company, and the piles of oyster-shells, have reduced its apparent surface.

It is over the lower part of this field that we first catch sight of the sea. But before that, beyond the waters of Collins' Cove, our eye rests upon the long hilly surface of Salem Neck, topped at its highest point by the ramparts of Fort Lee, and displaying the incongruities of a pleasure ground, a pest-house, and a home for the City's poor. But beyond, we may see Marblehead's Abbott Hall, holding high aloft its tower; and near that, if we have good eyesight, and somebody at Washington thinks the wind will blow, a black speck which is Uncle Sam's flag of warning. On the left hand side of the street there are also fields, a little better and more elevated, but likewise sup-

porting a liberal bed of Canada thistles, which, for some unexplained reason, are generally mowed down late in the season after they have scattered their cotton far and wide. These thistles, in the blazing midday sunshine of summer, hiss and sizzle with myriads of grasshoppers, as if the earth were a-frying — a sound quite in accord with the feelings of the sweating pedestrian. At first, just within the fence, is a row of four or five elms; and the last one by its long trunk and flat head suggests the stone-pine, so common in pictures of southern Europe. Back from the street is a small unthrifty orchard, and two or three clumps of locust trees, a sort always picturesque. Particularly so is a double one which stands in the centre of one of the fields, and forms a fine silhouette against a tinted twilight sky.

In winter time, along this open tract, we must follow a narrow, sinuous foot-path among the snow-drifts, for the northwest wind is fierce here, and the absentee landlords of the abutting estates always short of shovels. Over and between the small houses in the rear of these lots, are the trees of North Salem (or better, North Fields), a part of the shore of Beverly, and in the distance the curving outline of Browne or Folly Hill, with a plume-like, windworn elm upon its summit. This romantic hill, once within the boundaries of Beverly but now in Danvers, which, as Hawthorne says, much

resembles a whale's back, when viewed from some standpoints, commands an extensive and beautiful prospect, and is almost totally overgrown with our Essex County brilliant but unprofitable "wood-wax." If the winds are favorable, the telegraph poles alongside the walk hum to us as we pass, — each a different tune—a rude, strange, monotonous, tremulo bundle of chords, discords, buzzings and hissings. As we ascend the next rise in the road, toward the east the Bay of Salem stretches out before us, while to the westward, over the brown potato-field, we may take our first look up Danvers River—the middle one of the trio of rivers which meet at Beverly Bridge. They may more properly be called arms of the sea, for the streams which dilute their tide-water are mere brooks. In a moment more the bridge is in full view, buff in color, and arching over the fifteen hundred feet between us and Beverly. We are facing the north pole now, for the bridge runs nearly north and south. If you are incredulous and carry no pocket-compass, you must wait for a clear night, because the windward-swimming codfish on the lobster house has no cardinal letters under him.

I would have you notice the scraggly tree which stands sentry at this end of the bridge, merely a trunk and two or three limbs bristling with twigs. Like some ugly-visaged person whom you know, it would be sadly missed. But to the tramp 'tis

not satisfying. The signs nailed upon it he trusts shall confirm his idea that he is on the right road to Ipswich; but they only tantalize him with a recommendation of Bias Tobacco, or display an advertisement which (in the writer's opinion) would look better in the Gazette.

Before stepping upon the bridge, let us emulate the patience of these old aqueduct pipes by resting on one of them, or better, find a very good seat in the crotch of the ancient willow in the tansy-scented field over the wall—a fine site for a house. We hear the lapping of the wavelets, as we sit here near the edge of the grassy bank. The rocks in the foreground are well worth examining for their remarkable traces of glacial action. But let us now take as the underframe of our more distant westward picture the straight sharp line of the railway. In the middle of the picture, five miles off, directly up Danvers River, stands the great State Hospital for the Insane, that, in spite of its sad suggestiveness, harmonizes wonderfully well with the rest of the view. We may for the moment fancy ourselves far from democratic New England, and the huge structure off there on the hazy hilltop, a ruined castle of a once powerful and haughty baron. I have ventured to think, that, even as this building, seen from afar, merges so easily into the beauty of God's world, so are the tragic facts which made its

erection necessary, wrought somehow into harmony with His mercy and His love.

Directly beneath the Asylum and half as far away, though, on account of our slightly elevated position, the river portion of the distance looks so short, is the spire of the meeting-house at Danversport. At the *left* of Danvers River, across North River, are the shores of *North Fields;* at the *right* of it, the Arcadian country of *Rial Side.* The former is rich in beauty. Near the fine Ropes mansion, larches show the serrated line of their tops; an orchard humbly sits low; and even in the full sunny daylight you may just detect the waving of a field of grass or grain. For the rest, we have a pleasing variety of open space and clustering oaks and hickories, the latter culminating in a thick grove near the Cabot house. Distant houses peep over this view, here and there. *Rial Side* calls for a whole essay. We see meadow, upland, and a dense pine wood; and over the wood that plume of Browne's Hill, but naught of the hill itself. Farther still toward the right, and separated from Rial Side by Bass River, stands the bare, red precipice of "Joshua's Mountain," or Ellingwood's Point with the point cut off, the railroad drawbridge, the bridge for Salem's main artery, the yachts, if any, moored between the bridges, and the beginning of the settled part of the town of Beverly—a town of un-

sightly, screaming shoe factories, but much more, of courteous inhabitants, domestic tranquillity, and great natural beauty. But this old, shabby Beverly, which we see as we take our way back to the street, piled along the bank of its harbor, is in detail plain enough, even ill-looking; black coal sheds, dingy fish- and warehouses, piles of lumber, commonplace dwelling-houses, the disgraceful ruins of the old rubber factory, and smutty coal-schooners lying at the wharves. Yet it is always a pleasing picture. I have seen it beautiful indeed—with its background a thunder-cloud, and strong yellow sunshine gilding every bit of roof and mast it touches; or in the morning at high tide, when the air is calm and the glassy water gives back one of those marvellously clear reflections; or at low tide — a sort of charcoal sketch in nature: —in the foreground masses of jet-black mussel-bed, while beyond the water and supported its whole length by the gaunt, tall, weed-grown piles, stand the black coal sheds and dark roofs of the town; or in the moonlight, when all the roofs are white with the new-fallen snow. And always to accompany it lies the sea-view. In that direction we see the sharp sandy Tuck's Point jutting out from Beverly with white yachts moored near it; at low tide the stripe of "the bar;" the "Willows," their only beauty the trees themselves and the tower of the pavilion, with one exception to be mentioned; and between the town and the neck, lying miles away, the two isl-

ands with the doleful name; and at their right we may look out through the main ship-channel upon the broad waters of Massachusetts Bay. And ever dwindles away lower and lower in its retreat toward Cape Ann, the fading shore of Beverly, that shore which rich Boston espied and transformed into a summer home by sea, almost unrivalled for beauty and for comfort. But it is just sunset, and as the purple light of eve mounts the eastern heavens preceding the mighty shadow of the earth, just over the end of Hospital Point twinkle the lights of Baker's Island, and so we give up our walk over the bridge until another day.

W. G. B.

SUNSET ON THE ROAD.

I lingered, for it was an hour of Heaven!
I paused, half doubtful might I venture here,
Where Peace and Glory kissed, dimmed of no tear,
This blissful rest of love,—*is't freely given?*
All things expectant seemed of some high guest:
Quiet the cattle stood and mildly gazed,
As swift his farewell glance in splendor blazed,
Across a dreaming world,—and all was blest!
Then nature woke a low voiced, tranquil hymn;
The birds outbroke full hearted with a song,
And fields and hills shone bright that had been dim,
Sure 'tis the *coming* we have waited long!
But lo! the all-seeing eye is slowly hid,
And darkness gathers o'er the closing lid.

IN THE CITY.

Night gently falls as shade of angel's wing,
Over a world tired in its endless way;
Which,—like a child wearied with noisy play
And turning home,—for rest leaves everything.
Divinest hour! whose stillness woos to dreams
Where in the midst of Nature—vale and hill,
River and whispering wood and babbling rill—
Impressed on all Sleep's mystic presence seems;
But *here!*—amid the sad restraints of town,
The drooping soul no comforter can find;
And as night's hopeless shade comes settling down,
Sad thoughts and longings fill both heart and mind,
Long-buried things awake; memory recalls
The eternal past, till Sleep's dark curtain falls.

G. J. B.

BEVERLY BRIDGE.—III.

In the construction of Beverly Bridge the pedestrian was ignored, and no one has considered him since. He was left to the chances of a country road without the last resort of climbing over the wall. Few persons have been run over compared with the untold multitudes who have feared they would be. The smooth planking offers a great temptation to fast drivers, as well as to the straddlers of the stealthy bicycle, that they make their best speed—too often without a bell. Hence a person with ordinary or worse nerves is instinct-

ively and uncomfortably on his guard against these dangers. The sidewalk is of that kind known as the "Marblehead sidewalk." One side is given up to the horse-railroad, and a narrow space upon the other differs from the rest of the bridge in having no top planking. Could this possibly have been intended for a walk, or was it only a piece of economy? The latter, I suspect. At any rate, until quite a recent day, braces for the support of the fence posts extended over a part of it and served as effectually to trip people up as those loops which bad boys used to tie in the long grass on the Common on training-days. The space is too narrow to serve as a walk for two persons; and now that the braces are removed, there is no comfort upon it because of the wide cracks, which keep your toes always anxious or snap off the ferule from your new cane or your Lyons umbrella. Practically, the bridge is no wider for this space. If the top planking should be extended to the fence, the improvement would be great, and the pedestrian would have so much the more room. That a protecting fence between the roadway and the walk is desirable, I hesitate to say; but it is very plain that some line of demarcation should exist. The timid individual on foot would like to know for his own protection how far the rights of the horsemen and wheelmen extend. But let the man who removed the trippers have his due; for

everyone in Salem and Beverly who can walk must have stubbed his toe on them.

Just here I can't help saying that it was a remarkably bright thought, that of leaving a freshly painted portion of the fence with virtually no warning to decently clad loiterers, as was done lately. The well-dressed young man (the clothes perhaps not yet paid for) who should trustingly lean upon such a fence for a rapturous gaze at the sunset, would be likely to have his rapture suddenly cooled off.

In a gale of wind, too, one is apt to miss the poetic and scenic features of the region. The aggressive, self-asserting earnestness of a high, northwest, winter wind at Beverly Bridge is indisputable. You will have turned up your coat collar and had your attention called to your left ear on your way thither; and, by the time you are there, the last vestiges of a wild fancy of yours that you would like to experience one of the Mt. Washington, 100-mile, 40-degrees-below-zero hurricanes, just to see how it seemed, will quite have vanished away. This 35-mile wind, at 15 degrees above, will *do*. That whirling, unremitting din of the wind in your ears—how you wish it would stop, if only for an instant! Listen to the splashing, foamy sound of the chop-sea which the wind has raised by blowing against the coming tide, if you can hear it through the sound in your ears. By a fiercer gust

your breath is driven back, but you quickly recover and stagger perseveringly on. In fact, you begin to get a little used to it. Your blood warms up with the exertion. You catch somewhat of the spirit of the gale. You become fierce and persistent, too. The wind is a moral as well as a material ventilator. Now you try to take a look up toward Danvers. It is into the very teeth of the blast. Your eyes fill with tears, and your nose, cheeks, and temples ache with the cold. Whew! but you had enough of it and turn your back. But you caught sight of the surface of the river, almost black, and spotted with the white caps — fairly maddened by the wind. Yet 'tis rather a puny wrath. Look out! Jam on your hat, my friend! You are on Beverly Bridge in a New England northwester! See where a flaw strikes and darkens the water to leeward, tears madly on — then another and another, as if the surface were grazed by the gale's sweeping wings on which it flies fiercely out to sea. Along the shores and around the distant islands, are sudden puffs of foam as white as the snow and ice above it. When the sheltering toll-house is reached you are glad indeed; and while you wait there a moment for breath and a little shuffle, your ears get hot with healthy blood and are relieved of the roaring, but still you hear the wind rushing through the piles, and the water hissing and splashing all

around. But what remains of the way to Beverly is much more sheltered; the worst is over, only you must have your other side "done" when you come back.

Even in warm, summer weather, one may think the wind too social here. But it does not have the inhuman, satanic ferocity of the winter blow; yet just the same, does the river get enraged, and the flaws go sliding off to sea. But you are more in sympathy with the warmer wind. How sportively it buffets you! It is rough; but you are ready to confide in it. You half fancy that, should you jump off the rail holding an open umbrella, you would be softly set down on Baker's Island. You cannot see the wind, as pigs do; there are no trees to show it by their thrashing branches; but you have the rushing water and perhaps a laboring gull high aloft; and something else. The bridge looks clean already; but anon, a great company of dust and tiny chips is swept along with a rustling clamor, whisked into your face, and blown overboard afar, or packed away along the guard-beam of the horse-car track, there to form a vegetable mould to rot the bridge, or tinder for the pipe spark and cigar to burn it, according as the weather shall be wet or dry. A part of the care of the bridge is to remove this accumulation. Into splinters is the bridge worn away.

I cannot stop to say much about the easterly storms with their beating rain or driving snow. The place is too far inland for a mighty surf ; but you will not fail to find here the genius of the storm : in the low, ragged, flying clouds ; the heaving swell, rolling in from the Bay ; the breaking waves ; the yachts and boats rocking at their moorings ; and in the cutting force of snow or sleet. Whenever the bridge is figured in my dreams, there roll in surging, foaming swells, huge and threatening, and the planking is loose and disarranged, so that the way across is perilous and full of fear. Yet, back of my fear, is that strange, vague conviction of ultimate escape—a sort of dim notion that in the last extremity I can at least *wake up*.

The reader may think the bridge not as favorable for ornithology as for ichthyology. Perhaps not ; but not beyond living memories, wild ducks, it is said, were plentiful ; and I suppose the sportsmen might even now very rarely get a shot.

On wintry days, often on the very coldest, great white flocks of gulls may be seen feeding on the flats. It is said they do not dive, and the statement, I suppose, is true. But I have seen them in very shallow water flying up a few feet and dropping suddenly down, as if to reach the bottom by the force of the fall—a whole flock keeping up this queer dance. They have a certain grace in

flight not to be compared with that of eagles and hawks. They "soar" very little, but wheel in large curves with a very languid beating of their long, slim wings. I presume many of these winter specimens come from breeding places farther north — find their Mexico, their *tropics*, here. Their endurance of cold is marvelous.

A few crows are often scattered among the gulls, and are of course frequently seen in summer. I could spin a long yarn about the crow. My feeling toward him is paradoxical: he is a great friend of mine for whom I entertain little respect. How different his flight from that of the gull! His broad black wings beat the air rather rapidly and with great regularity. From beneath you may often see right between his outspread flight feathers, so that they look like uncanny black fingers. "As the crow flies" is straight ahead. He is true to his purpose. He strikes for home like a dog with a bone, and with much the same air. He is discontented, cynical. On his way home he gives vent now and then to a complaining caw. His crop is full; but somehow the day has gone wrong — the world is against him. He does no fancy flying. He cuts no figure eights, he grinds no bark. He only goes right on, like the Hollander skating on the canal to market. Flying is no fine art, forsooth, with him. He is no *æsthete*.

The kingfisher dashes out from under the bridge and perches for a moment on the ridge of the water-pipe box. What a keen, nervous, energetic, self-reliant chap he is! As he stands he looks top-heavy — his head and beak too big for his short tail. His hair is always erect, as if with perpetual electricity; but he always has a clean, white collar on; that part of his toilet he does not neglect. He is wildness itself and alertness itself. In his brisk flight he utters his rattling *chirr* like a challenge. He has no nest beneath the bridge, for his home is a long burrow in a sand-bank a short distance up Bass River.

Swallows, both white-bellied and barn, play about the bridge at times in great numbers, and build under it, I do not doubt, if the sparrows are willing. Who has heard of a weary swallow? There is no here or there, high or low, to him. How he loves the water! I saw swallows darting about in the white smoke of the Horseshoe Fall, as I looked down into the boiling caldron from Table Rock. Must not the rest of the world seem tame and commonplace to the swallow whose daily bath is taken in the spray of the cataract? A bird of beauty he is; and even mighty Niagara does not scorn to deck with tiny water-diamonds his iridescent plumage.

The once rare, but now omnipresent English sparrow is at the bridge in full force. Sprightly

fellows they are, but very noisy, making the latter quality much more objectionable by their habit of early rising, to the annoyance of those persons who are not in the direct road to health, wealth, or wisdom. They rank with whistling paper-carriers, earth-quaking ice-carts, and the charming steam whistles so dear to those modest people who persist in flaunting their *necessity* for early-rising as a *virtue*. These sparrows probably build their nests in the framework of the bridge. I saw lately a partial albino among them, having many pure white feathers in her back and tail. They are not apt to show the white-feather.

Pigeons fly out to the middle of the bridge on foraging expeditions. Pigeons rarely go far from home. Those seen in our streets are generally the inhabitants of some cote near at hand. They hardly wander farther than turkeys do on a farm.

Much interest of old clustered about the toll-house and the autocratic toll-man. My recollection of the days when walkers had to pay their toll is vague—seeming to be only a dim picture of an open window, on the sill of which stand small piles of great, red, copper cents for convenience in making change. Vehicles paid toll for some time after pedestrians were exempted. Before the good things of the ride should appear—the fields, woods, farmhouses,—a halt must be made at the toll-house and the fumbled-out change handed over.

Time, out of the toll-man, has evolved only the draw-tender, whose work is more prosaic perhaps, and intermittent, though laborious enough when the heavy draw is to be hoisted. He is a sort of guardian angel over the bridge night and day. It is a cool sleeping-place, and, as the advocates of the summer resorts say, blankets are required every night. He is a handy man to have round when anybody falls overboard. This he has demonstrated more than once to the great relief of the most interested party.

The operation of warping a vessel through the draw is watched with interest by the bystanders, particularly the boys. The latter often take a practical lesson in seamanship by slipping the bight of a big, wet, stiff rope over a ring-bolt on the wharf, and then shouting "haul in." There is the long, wearying grind on the iron cranks, and the creaking of the bridge slowly rising like a pair of jaws. 'Tis a sportive, gymnastic prank of the unwieldy old bridge, as unnatural as the standing of an elephant on his hind legs. Wagons and carriages collect on each side. Deliberately, helped on by the tide, creeps the vessel through, and the boys take a hasty inventory of her decks, with Capt. Marryat's stories in their minds — capstan, galley, cabin, hatches, rope, wheel, compass, bell, dog, pump, skipper in white shirt-sleeves, crew of three or four in blue shirt, jumper, red shirt. Then

down comes the bridge, the cranks spinning round with fearful rapidity (boys ride down on it if they can); the covers at the joints are flung back into place, the two halves of the draw bolted, the two streams of delayed travelers trot and rumble by. If the vessel is bound in, she may go up either of the three rivers with coal, lumber, wood, bark, lime, corn, manure. If bound out, you may watch the hoisting of the sails, and the filling away on the course out through the devious channel, not for Afric or for Ind, but to have salt water enough, danger and work enough.

In No. 4, which will be the last, I propose to take you on to the bridge in the afternoon, and linger there chatting until late at night.

W. G. B.

SONG.

Leave me not yet!
The darkened moon descending,
Still lights thine onward way:
Leave me not yet!
The stars of heaven are bending
To that we say!

Leave me not yet!
Both earth and heaven are weighing
Upon my saddened brain.
Not yet, not yet!
The comfort of delaying
Will lighten pain.

Leave me not yet!
But lo! the night is ending,
And thou must go!—
Do not forget!
God keep thee world-unending,
And still my wo!

G. J. B.

HYMN AT NIGHT.

Father, the city sleeps!
Only the ocean deeps,
With voices dim,
Into the listening night
Pour forth with ceaseless might
Their awful hymn.

Quiet in earth and sky!
Afar the old hills lie
Asleep in Thee:
Above, the vapors swim,
Drenched in the moonbeams dim,
O'er land and sea.

Silence and deep repose!
Stilled are both joys and woes
And care and sin:
Calm as an infant's sleep!
I only wake and weep
Till morn begin.

G. J. B.

Beverly Bridge—IV.

This is the last article, but not because the subject is exhausted; for I could wax as hyperbolical of Beverly Bridge as Thoreau did of Concord. You may go to the bridge fifty times and think you have seen all, but the fifty-first shall discover new sights, lights, and colors, suggest new thoughts, and afford a companionship never realized before. "You have never travelled;" Jones says (the all-wise Jones) "you are narrow and provincial. Do you think there are no places better than Beverly Bridge? Go to Topsfield, Brookline, the Berkshire hills, Windermere, Ben Nevis, Tierra del Fuego, the Himalayas, and you will learn what an insignificant little you have here." I tell Jones in reply that I *may* go to Topsfield some day. I am in no hurry. His Mont Blanc is, no doubt, very fine. I am just now engaged in getting the full flavor and benefit of my bread, milk and eggs, but have no objection to his gulping down his pate de foie gras, roast peacock, and nightingales' tongues. I am only examining things about home before I pack my trunk.

For the last time on the bridge together, what shall we look at and talk about? We shall have to be hasty and superficial. You may go and see the rest yourselves.

After we are fairly upon the bridge, Baker's

Island begins to drag its tapering form out from behind the Neck, and soon lies out at full length on the edge of the sea — two white lighthouses upon its thickest part, whence an abrupt descent to the left and a long gradual slope to the right. Far out to sea we think it, but a drive toward Beverly Farms will bring it near at hand. Other islands come into view as we proceed — bleak, lonely islands, where all day long can be heard only the roar of the breakers and the scream of the sea bird, excepting the sounds from the deck of a passing vessel or the foaming water under her prow; where the nights are as dread as remorse, the moaning sea alternately lifting and dragging down the fringe of rockweed. In the same direction miles off, but sure to attract the eye, standing like a black tower in the water, is the beacon on Bowditch's Ledge. Quite near the bridge, between us and the Neck, are three more beacons (*lucus a non lucendo*). A little way from the bridge, near the draw, is a truncated spar-buoy, which inclines toward the bridge or away from it, according as the tide is coming or going. "The boy" looks at this or at the similar one on the other side of the bridge, to tell the tide, though it runs under his very eyes like a mill-race.

As we glance backward, we see two familiar views of Salem: one on the left, with the immense gasometer and the coal-shed prominent; another

on the right, with the city's principal spires puzzling us by their apparently wrong relative positions, and the smoking chimneys of the tanning and currying district in the upper valley of the North River.

At the toll-house we may take the narrow seat provided for Sunday whittlers. The view of Beverly and over Tuck's Point out to sea is good. At Pickett's wharf lies a long three-masted schooner, light forward, but with her after parts still deep in the water with the weight of the remaining coal; and at regular intervals there comes across the water the musical cry of a grimy Irishman, followed by the hurried puffing of a donkey-engine, and the rush of the coal from the overturned tub.

Lean over the rail and look at the current, necessarily swift here, for this is the sluice-way for the larger portion of the contents of the triple armed basin four times a day. Down sinks Massachusetts Bay, answering the Atlantic wave, and out from all the tributary estuaries, coves, and creeks, tumbles the water. The surface of the flowing tide is worth studying. See the swirlings, eddies, wrinkles, boilings, smooth "licks." We are not stirred as by the view from the outer of the Three Sisters; but one may read reveries in this current as in a hearth fire. Summer forenoons I have gazed at it, when the distant water was silver white with the early light, and the grey-

green of that near the bridge soft and pleasing to the eye; when the jelly-fishes were floating in by thousands, of all sizes, at varying depths, and at different angles of position,—regularly and gently opening and closing, each one bordered with a silken fringe. Perhaps a row-boat will pass under the bridge, the measured thud of the oars interrupted in the special effort to get through—not an easy task against the tide for a weak or green crew. In the late winter or spring, we may watch the ice-cakes floating out, crunching against each other or against the piles with the slow and steady pressure which they maintain. This is ice on a small scale, but serves to suggest to the mind the crushed Jeannette and the horrors of the Polar ocean. Nearer the shore the coming tide rapidly creeps up over the flats, the shallow water smoothly flowing over the mud like the current of a brook, marbling the bottom with light and shade. Here the star-fishes are sometimes so numerous as to almost cover the bottom with their crowded constellations; and wise, self-sufficient crabs elbow their way through life.

Late in the afternoons of early summer, the waters are alive with "pogies" — outside, between the bridges, and above the railroad bridge—swimming against the tide fast enough to make a treadmill progress, now directly against the current, and now changing to right oblique or left oblique.

They appear of a pale, sickly, slate-color as seen from the bridge, excepting that now and then a silver side flashes. When swimming near the surface they cause that disturbance of it so quickly recognized by the seiners as the sure indication of a "school." Ever and anon one flirts his tail out of the water, and at longer intervals comes a grand united splash, all threshing the water in concert—a very successful demonstration, a magnified reminder of the effect produced by throwing overboard a handful of pebbles, or striking the water with a many-twigged branch. A shoal of tiny minnows when startled will execute the same feat. It is somehow like a company of soldiers ordering arms. You enjoy it and await a repetition.

All this time do the people pass: butchers, bakers, milkmen, carriages of the wealthy, farmers going home. Among the pedestrians there are few who seem to have leisure as ours. There are people living in Beverly going from Salem work, and those living in Salem going from Beverly work. One wonders why they don't swap homes. How apt are we to look upon men merely as the moving figures on a stage! We lose sight of the very real world in which each one lives, its cares, troubles and joys. Men and women are not chiefly curiosities; not principally for description, analysis, caricature, or to serve as models for a painter, but are to be truly loved and discreetly helped.

Our musings are interrupted by the passage of the express-train across the railroad bridge, the clamor it makes changing in quality and pitch as it passes from solid ground on to the bridge. The volumes of smoke, which the locomotive pours forth as the fireman wields his poker, form on a calm summer evening a thin, brown stratum of cloud, visible for an hour or more as it very slowly floats away. The connecting-rod jumps nervously up and down, across the fragile draw flies the train, then in among the houses of Beverly it has disappeared. After dark we should observe the cyclopean eye of the engine, the showering sparks, and perhaps the red light of the fire, which gleams out through the open door of the furnace, reflected from the rolling smoke. Toward night, a long freight-train always appears, stretching over nearly all the visible track upon its multitude of noisy, oil-bespattered trucks like a huge centipede — motley with cars of every hue and which are adorned with gigantic letters for easy identification or to attract attention from competing lines. The express-train was all life. The life of the freight is in the powerful six-wheeler, whose labored puffing warned us of its approach.

But the most beautiful sight from the bridge is a sunset. Sunsets are the gift of God. They possess a sort of self-refined wildness like wild flowers, and some landscapes and sea-views. They

may soothe, cheer, enliven, enrapture ; they sometimes irritate, depress, disturb, confuse. Some are meant for me alone, others I would shout to the whole world to look at. Yet to be fully appreciated, they should be contemplated alone. One's pleasure may be greater in especially good company, but in such cases justice is not done to the sunset. The sunset begins an hour or more before "sun-down," and, merging into the twilight, ends with it. The zodiacal light is the sunset's ghost. The sunset is everlasting, like the boasted roll of the British drum ; but it will be tomorrow's sunset the next time round. Where did the date change? Sunrises come at a higher price and are less popular. The fact that the busy day is anticipated detracts from their effect. The noise grows with the light. I never heard of there being a sunrise at Beverly Bridge. I admit that I have seen beautiful ones at about the time of the Winter Solstice, and also on the mornings of Independence Day. But the latter (and the previous night) are disagreeably associated with certain musical instruments, execution upon which Young America at that season exhibits a proficiency. But I believe there are no better sunsets in the world than those we have in Salem, as far as the sky is concerned. But I never saw one from Dracut or from Nova Zembla. Jones has, and I never could get Jones to take the slightest interest in a Salem sunset.

It were folly to attempt to rigidly separate sunsets into classes, or to write any complete description of these old, but ever new, exhibitions. There are two grand classes, however: those which depend for their characteristics upon clouds, and those which do not. We have the typical clear sunset, its colors being more or less red at the horizon, passing with exquisite gradations of tint through yellows to delicate violets and blues at the zenith, the latter darkening down the eastern heavens to the pink line which overarches the sombre sky of approaching night. These indeed are chaste — almost too chaste to be always interesting to us eating and drinking mortals. Clear sunsets are common in winter. What a plain white glare in the west toward the close of an intensely cold, dry winter day! And it is in winter that we oftenest have those remarkable, polished, vitreous, pearly, iridescent, opalescent skies, with very delicate tints of green infused—a charming background for a rolling, snow-clad landscape. But the greenest skies are, I think, to be seen in summer after a shower through rifts in the clouds. Some clear winter sunsets furnish a low, narrow strip of the most gorgeously rich crimson. The view of one of these across a snowy expanse like the Saugus marshes is superb. There are very bright and crystalline light-yellow skies, cheery and careless, with the air of a whistling school-boy about them. But the color of the very richest yellow sunset is

gamboge laid on very thick. How painters would talk it, I don't know, but to me it is material, close by, with a little visible smokiness here and there; or even if considerable brown smoke be added by Salem's chimneys, the effect will not be injured. There is nothing lily-like about it, but more of the sunflower. It is solid food. It is of the earth, earthy. It is warm with latent red. It affords for a time a complete satisfaction to the eye. But complete satisfaction to any sense is brief. So one is soon cloyed with this sky.

The blood-red sunsets of midsummer do not depend for their peculiar effect upon clouds, but upon smoke and haze. The day has been fearfully hot, the mercury in the high nineties; the woods are afire in Canada or somewhere else; the smell of smoke has haunted us all day, and the sun has shed a tawny light. As he approaches his setting he grows fiery red. The better able you are to look him squarely in the face the more he blushes. It is still very warm and "close." Even at the bridge there is no breeze, and the midges and mosquitoes are active. The great, red, moon-like orb, becoming deeper and deeper in hue, moves slowly down toward a thick, grey bank of smoky haze. He will be lost in it. There is no hope. It eats rapidly into his lower limb, and, in a few moments, the very last point, glowing like a scrap of red-hot iron, has been devoured. Another hot day to-morrow.

But when clouds attend, then the pageantry is of nature's best. The experienced person can predict, with a good degree of certainty, a fine sunset an hour or two in advance. He knows what are the requisite conditions, what kinds of clouds are best. It is rash to write of a sunset cloud: cirri, white, creamy, yellow, pink, orange, scarlet, crimson, down to clouds of every shape and size, blue and dark, tinted, touched here and there, or fiercely blazing with intensity of colored light. What shall we say, and where shall we stop? The forms ever change, the colors ever vary. Some of these cloudy sunsets are like the music of a vast orchestra. Their beginning is sometimes as well-defined. There is a wholeness and completeness to the display. You detect the theme of the composition running through it. It is a joyous, rapturous, hallelujah symphony—blasts of trumpets, shout of kettle-drums, roar of double-basses, mighty chords from mighty organs, and, filling out the whole, holding all together, the melody and its close-attending harmonies in the powerful singing cadence of a thousand violins.

Also, we shall have quiet symphonies in various colors; hymns; quartets; lyrical sunsets as well as epic. A multitude of small pink clouds regularly arranged has reminded me of a choir of red-cheeked, sweet-voiced children singing in unison. Some of these pink clouds are exactly like the cotton which jewellers use. I have seen other red

clouds with a granular structure as much like watermelon flesh as anything without black seeds could be.

At times, especially after a thunder shower, we have very remarkable sunsets of great brilliancy, and possessing every shade of color which a fashionable lady or a finical painter could dream of. In variety of color they can only be compared to the new patchwork quilt on grandmother's feather-bed. This sky is confusing when looked at as a whole. It must be analyzed. There is no order, no plan. As music it is wild, disturbing, and discordant. Clouds cross cloud ; color clashes with color. The atmosphere has been completely stirred up and has not had time to settle. This is a fine sort of rubbish which must be swept up. The trees are still dripping with the rain, while in the north-east, blue, round-topped mountains are piled, their ravines lighted up, as it grows darker, with lightning. Yellow light through vapor or rain ; marvellous and inexpressible negative cloud-tints of grey, drab, blue ; long, trailing, golden hair of rain ; giants' soft, pink-white beds of cotton — who could even list the after-shower effects? And the unspeakable beauty of such a perfect double rainbow as we see a dozen times in a lifetime ! Yet I have to confess that, to my personal taste, the rainbow seems rather artificial, as though it were a piece of jewelry nature wears when she is vain.

The clouds have lost their greatest light and are fading fast. Relieved against the river, which mirrors the golden sky, are the heavy black lines of the railroad bridge and draw. A schooner, which has just come down from Danvers, drops anchor. We have heard the rattle of her falling sails, and her bare masts and rigging stand against the sky. The woods across the river present an irregular, but quiet, outline, black as jet. The clouds have lost their color, but the sky and river hold it still. It is a scene for the needle of the etcher. Do you think you will stay no longer? Do, a little while. No one has truly seen a sunset until he has watched one through its life, looked for every shifting form, every lighting up or fading out, gazed, listened, intent to catch the last look, the very latest words of the dear, dying day, and seen the heavens being hung with black in mourning for it. It is the gloaming—the twilight. What a tangibility to the atmosphere. One can *see* the darkness — or the light—which? Objects are close to the eyes. We misjudge distances. How soon it grows dark when we forget to watch for it. But the light shall come again—not out of the radiant west—*that* is only memory. The other way. Hope lieth in the east—cometh with the morning. Spend not your time in dreaming over the past. Despise not the future, even when you foresee only darkness and gloom. Your hope is there alone. It will

brighten by and by. This sunset was a fulfilment. But never to man shall come a completion without a new hope.

Now the stars appear, first the planets, then the large fixed stars. Now the row of lamps along the bridge is lighted, and the reflector at the toll house,—while, all around us, see how the yellow lights have sprung into life; at the "Willows," rows and clusters, scintillating, sparkling (this is the other beauty of the "Willows"); lights in Beverly shop and home, and in distant Salem too; lights on schooners at anchor to the eastward; and the two lights of Baker's Island. What an impressive fact, that all around our coast are these government lights, warning and guiding the sailor, so numerous that a school boy might use their locations as points by which to draw his outline map upon the "board." We hear the "quok" of the night heron, uncanny, invisible bird, a wandering voice indeed. And is that the rumble of the iron mills? no, not that. It might be the grinding at Dodge's grist mill—but the tide is not right for that. It is the voice of the sea, the rote from along the rocky shores and around the islands—the old restless sea. We look over the rail again. How black the gurgling water! There comes a lonely dread. A thought of—Death! so sure to come! What is the refuge—from fear, from sin, from self? (Let us look up at the stars, rather.) It is—

trust in God, work, and love. Faith, hope, charity. Faith, even *in spite of sight;* Hope, even *against hope;* Love, even *our enemies.* That is the lesson. Can we learn it?

W. G. B.

BEHOLD THE DEATH OF DAY.

Behold the death of Day ! great kingly Day !
See in the west as through a golden door
How unseen hands all solemnly do lower
His Majesty beneath the hills away.
List the uncertain note of dreaming bird
As, sitting twixt the heavenly glow and gloom,
She sadly museth on that stately doom,
Whose pageant fills the earth. Afar is heard
The mournful swell of ocean, faint and slow.
Like the great world's heart-broken sob of old
O'er one she loved ! The river's saintly flow
Lapses in dream away, as fold on fold
Of deepening darkness marks the general gloom,
That makes of earth one all-embracing tomb.

G. J. B.

GREAT DAY IS DEAD.

Great Day is dead ! Adown the glowing west,
Red with his blood, the monarch sinks to rest ;
His purple robes are floating free and far,
Taught here and there by some sad, tranquil star.
The holy hills in lonely quiet lie—
Great thoughts of God sown in eternity,

Strong 'mid earth's vanities ! Now darker grown
Glides the slow river, half adream and lone.
The awed birds twitter in the fading glow,
And the pale moon steals up to view her foe,—
Haughty no longer !—While afar, the sea
Chanteth a requiem o'er his Majesty.
Yes, Day is dead ! and Night drops gently down
Her tear-gemmed pall over both King and Crown.

G. J. B.

Lying Awake.

Sound and the seen have much which is analogous. As I lie awake, the background of the sound-picture which so varies in its different portions and at different times, delicately tinted, soft, as it were toning the whole though so unobtrusive, filling the whole room, is the persistent ticking of my watch. It races on, yet calmly and is rather quieting than disturbing. It reminds us of the tiny, delicate trill of the black cricket heard at our feet,—just where, however, we cannot say, —as we lean upon a stone-wall watching a July sunset, or as a happy captive chirps in the haymow of the barn on a lazy showery day. Could I be excused for digressing to say a few words upon crickets? The chirp of the little black field-cricket is a tinkle, very wee, but silvery sweet, peaceful, content, meditative, always pleasing, suggestive to city boys of rural good times, of evening country walks, of retiring to bed in a farmhouse after a bright day of green fields, woods, barn, cattle, flagroot, sassafras, blueberries, blackberry

vines, with bubbling anticipations of to-morrow's fishing or hayfield frolic. The trill of the green tree-cricket generally excites pleasurable emotions, yet may be easily associated with depression and homesickness. It is not in any degree confiding, is anxious or even fussy, hurried, may be thought taunting, is too conceited, too conventional, is too social with you—not confidingly, quietly social, but clamorously. The shrilling of the noonday-meadow grasshopper is fine, if you are in a cool listening place; and sometimes when one of the large green ones gets his violin a-going at night you may like it, if he be not too near, and if you are at liberty to leave when you please. I would like to fill a column about insect sounds, for thoughts of the cicada, the hummers of all kinds, the creaking beetles and caterpillars, rush into my head. But to return to the watch. We may hear it unconsciously, so that if it stopped we should *hear the silence.* I have known people to think they were taken ill when a loud-ticking clock stopped. Or we may, if we wish, listen very attentively to it and make it adopt for its own the cadences of our fancy, now this particular tick emphatic, now that, so it runs in threes or fours or sixes. We set words and a tune to it, but it provokingly refuses to heed either rests or double bar.

On windy nights, in old houses with loose-fitting sashes, there is a very important and charac-

teristic sound. It puts in very bold, sudden, though small, strokes to the picture. But I will let the reader arrange the "picture" to suit himself, for the back-ground of watch or clock is about the only feature which is well-nigh universal. The sound I mean is that of the rattling windows, some in high pitch, others in low, responding to one another in hasty, ill-tempered dialogue, as the gusts sweep around the house. Bachelors and nervous people insert small wooden wedges to prevent this racket, such as are also used for lobsters.

By far the most important sounds heard by an early retirer, are those from without. These sounds must of course vary much in different places. At the Crawford House, one may hear on a windy night the whole forest-covered mountain side hushing him to sleep. And at Niagara the steady, heavy roar of the unspeakable rapids penetrates the rooms and corridors of the Cataract House. In the country, you are likely to have entertainment from insects, reptiles and birds. But in Bridge street the writer is forced to accept the voices of a horse-chestnut and an elm, as a lullaby, and the stream from the nozzle of the pump opposite, or a heavy rain, for his Niagara; and only for a few weeks is the cricket's trilling loud enough to be important. The footfalls of the passers, light, heavy, scuffing, dotted by a cane stroke, of

male, female, of squads and companies, of sober and of drunk ; the tones of conversation,—a phrase understood now and then, or a voice recognized,—loud boisterous laughter; the rattle of vehicles—these are the main figures in the foreground of our picture. I lie awake and listen. I hear a little child with father or mother, half-running, to keep up with the parent, and prattling about the wonderful sights of the evening's entertainment. What a fairy story does a child carry in its head! Every thing and thought is colored, decked and idealized to take its place in that fairy world. "What time is it?" "Eleven o'clock," is the answer. And the little one was never out so late before—"was I—say?" And the night from year to year grows out of its first mystery into a more unfathomable one. The light footsteps fade away down the street, as they shall fade away from the mother's ear now so ever listening for them. Here comes a squad of young men singing, with almost every trace of melody and harmony lost in the evening drams. Saturday night catches a good many in her toils. But the singers pass, and still the footsteps. Sometimes, when nearly asleep, I have been awakened by a regular beating, like (to one in my sleepiness) the ticking of a great clock, nearer and nearer, till at last it is only the sharp, quick step of some steel-heeled young fellow, brisk and vigorous in his gait, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. Nothing

can tire him. "By George"—exclaimed the man Thoreau encountered in the woods, "I never was tired in my life." But if the evening of the day doesn't slacken his step, there is an evening that certainly will. But let him not mope on that account. It is grown so late that the passers-by are few ; but now I hear a step which is often my very last one : Listen ! a long step, a short one, a slouching run of two or three steps, a scuff, a thump into the fence—all alone, quiet, busy, having enough to do keeping lookout and managing the helm, the poor body staves along, reeling from edge-stone to fence, tripping and stumbling, but in some mysterious, semi-conscious, instinctive way getting safely along and finally home, if it be a home.

Carriages, wagons and horse-cars have continued to go by, sounding, as everything else does, much louder in the night than in the day. The rattle of a loose bolt, the creak of the whiffle-tree, the crunch of pebbles under the wheels, are all brought out like the fine lines of an engraving in the full sunshine. For three months during the late summer and the autumn, about ten o'clock, heavy market wagons pass my house on their way from the farms of Beverly and other towns to Boston—great honest wagons, heaped high with squashes or cabbages covered with canvas looking white as snow in the moonlight of the dewy autumn night.

One wonders what the drivers think about all the way to Boston. Perhaps of scarcely more than their horses do: but in the event of an accident, as of fallen horse or broken axle, they would think hard enough and rapidly enough to appall a German philosopher, and would put even the Andover theologians to shame by the mountains which their practical faith would remove. The *chuck, chuck*, of their big hubs has passed out of hearing, and the police wagon is coming down the street; I know it by a certain heavy rumble it has, though a light wagon, and by the long swinging trot of the horse. It stops! the duplex is weirdly blown and faintly answered. After it departs, I hear the patrol pass the house, but alas! uniformed now, without rubbers and without a rattle. The old muffled-up and be-comforted night-watchman, is a thing of the past, but the modern policeman is better, I suppose. Horse-cars rumble to the climax, creak around the curve (perhaps on the track, perhaps off), and rumble off again.

The winter sounds are different, especially when the snow lies on the ground. Men who are sober find it necessary to walk irregularly. Sleigh bells cheer, from the countryman's *dongle, dongle* of the big square cow-bell, to the chorus of the encircling bands of silver bells upon the spans which draw the sleighing parties. These latter will return in the middle of the night, it may be, yelling, blowing horns, stopping to drop passengers with pro-

fuse and hearty good-byes, waking the whole neighborhood with their lively clack, overcoming the natural nervous fear of breaking silence as easily as the engineer on the Sunday locomotive. The neighborhood wakes cross, but cannot maintain that mood against the cheerful, happy voices, which waked it, and has after all to turn over and go to sleep again good-naturedly. On very frosty nights the snow is as musical under foot, runner or wheel, as are the sands of Manchester beach. Heavy wheeled vehicles, on such a night, elicit from the snow an astonishingly loud squeaking, like that of a big unlubricated wooden screw, or like a sound made by marble workers.

The snow itself, during storms, whisking from some gracefully-tipped drift at the eaves, rustles at the window. After every gust which roars through the bare trees and makes the old iron lightning-rod shake booming upon the chimney, comes this soft whisper-like sound of the eddying snow against the pane. When the temperature rises, the sleet scratches and taps at the glass. If the snow is the brushing of angels' wings, the sleet may be described as the strokes of the claws of elves fiercely seeking admission. An avalanche from a roof may startle you. A certain preacher used to say that, when the Rev. Mr. —— preached in his pulpit, the snow always slid from the roof during the sermon.

Then the rains! those of winter, making yellow

slush of the streets; those of summer, the night thunder-showers with their drenching, pouring deluges! And after the shower the drip, drip, drip, of some spout or corner. The pleasure we derive from the sound of rain upon the roof is largely the pleasure of the sense of multitude. It can hardly be defined. It may come through hearing, seeing or feeling. It is produced by a number of objects together, which are nearly alike. You may be conscious of it while looking at the rain, snow, running corn or wheat, a swarm of bees; while hearing these or the sound of sleigh-bells, the splash of soap-suds, the breaking of a frothy little wave, the crackling of a fire, the popping of corn; while handling shot letting it run between your fingers, feeling snow or rain on your face, or handling a neat packet of papers.

In Salem, one hears sometimes on summer nights the voice of the cuckoo, and often the trill of the hair bird, and the *quok* of the heron; but the nighthawk and whip-poor-will I never heard here. The trill of the toads in the spring, the roar of the sea against the rock-bound coast, the barking of dogs (or howling, which is worse), the joked-to-death cat concerts (which are nevertheless a terrible reality), the crowing of cocks, steam-whistles, striking-clocks, alarms of fire, a distant steam fog-horn, meteoric explosions, slamming gates, your own singing ears, pulses or unanswered

solitary complaint at your wakefulness, these and other sounds make us think that, after all, the silent night is a pretty noisy part of the day, as the astronomical Irishman said, even in the City of Peace.

W. G. B.

GONE.

Another day droops low,
  Another glory's dead,
And, on its golden tide so slow,
  Another soul has fled!

Dropped from a world of pain,
  Into a world of light!
Floated beyond our vision vain,
  Where faith is lost in sight.

Sweet soul, the darkness falls,
  As always heretofore;
But through the twilight something calls
  That never called before.

I listen and I wait
  What time life's waves must roll,
But I shall meet thee at heaven's gate
  And join thee soul in soul.

G. J. B.

The Commonest Salem Birds.

One of the postal-cards sent the writer in relation to orioles addressed him as "Ornithologist." He makes no claim to such a distinction. He has never collected eggs, never been very successful in his search for nests, and never has shot a bird in his life excepting, he thinks, one common pigeon with a pistol. He has but a few of the scientific names at his tongue's end, and there are several land birds (to say nothing of water ones) not put down in the books as rare, which he has never seen alive. But he does claim to be able to recognize the song of most of our Essex County singing birds, and to possess sufficient knowledge of their appearance, habits and classification, to make them always objects of interest and close observation upon every turn in the garden, during every stroll or drive. The pleasure which the writer has derived and is frequently deriving from birds, even with his limited knowledge, leads him to encourage others to acquire at least similar knowledge. If the works of "ornithologists" appall and discourage

by exhibiting so much detail to be mastered, that fact may be excuse enough for the writer to say a word or two upon birds, assured that he can produce no such effect. Let the person, desirous of knowing how to tell what kind of a bird is the one he sees or hears, begin practice to-morrow, and at his own door or as near his home as possible. Do not postpone matters to some ideal walk into the fields which you will never take. Step out of doors in the morning and listen, or this evening before dusk. There are two birds you will be sure to hear, viz., the English or house sparrow and the robin. Let the person see if he can distinguish between them by their notes every time. This is not so ridiculous as it may at first appear. There is no difficulty in telling the "laugh" or the "song" or the "cherry-note" of the robin from the ordinary chirping of the unmusical sparrow. But, for all that, there are certain sounds occasionally produced by the sparrow which remind one of and may even be mistaken for certain harsh notes made by the robin. Cultivate the ability to distinguish slight differences in bird-tones. Even the English sparrow has many variations in his chirpings — *i. e.*, he makes different kinds of "noises." Instead of fearing that you can never learn to identify birds, begin immediately to take some satisfaction in your knowledge of the notes of these two species. You will find soon that you know more than most

of your neighbors. There are people in Salem who would feel insulted if told they did not know an English sparrow, but who, if shown a particularly bright clean male in a cage, would wonder at the pretty markings of black on his head and throat and at the brown on his wings, and would ask his name.

Olive Thorne Miller's book, called "Bird Ways," has several chapters devoted to this little pest of a bird, and it is remarkable how interesting and intelligent she found him. Notice how he flies with a straight, gliding motion, while his wings rapidly vibrate; look at him and his mate directly, not alone out of the corner of your eye, and by and by when you turn your attention to his more musical and attractive relatives, you will be surprised at the amount of pertinent fact you have already acquired. Then watch the robin. Jot down brief descriptions of his actions and his voice, and compare your notes with the authorities. Listen to his evening song. Mark his different notes, already referred to. Notice the different songs of different robins, for they vary much individually. Do not be diverted too much by other species, but watch your English sparrows and your robins for several days at least, before you trouble yourself with other species. You have in these two birds, types of very different families of birds, and you may well take them for a beginning. I venture to

say you will learn in *less than a week* some very interesting things. Don't be afraid to spend a little time in continuous watching or listening. You must look *straight out*, not askance, and you must cultivate patience, and *sometimes* look and listen when you would prefer to do something else. Meanwhile, it will be well to learn where, in the classification of birds by naturalists, these two species stand. Minot's *Land and Game Birds* is a good book for reference, and the beginner ought to own Flagg's *Year with the Birds*. Don't confuse yourself with too many books or too much reading. After certain larger divisions, birds are divided into families, then into genera, then into species. The two birds we are considering belong to two very different families. The robin belongs to the *thrush* family, a very interesting and important group of rather large birds; and the sparrow to the *finch* family, which contains a great many species, including the sparrows, the finches, linnets, buntings, grosbeaks, and crossbills.

It is sufficient at first to know that the thrushes are generally fine singers, have a longish beak, and are for the most part insect-eating birds; and that the finches are smallish, very largely seed-eating, and have a stout, conical beak. The mocking-bird is a thrush and the canary is a good and familiar example of the finch family. See him eating seed, and examine his stout finchy beak. The

bullfinch, pictures of which at least we are all familiar with, shows this quality in a marked degree. Let us remember, then, that the robin and the English sparrow are very *distant* relatives, respectively of the thrush family and the finch family. I never hear or see any other thrush near my house, and perhaps only in some parts of North or South Salem or in the great pastures can any other thrush be found in Salem.

But, turning to the "sparrow" family for visitors to my premises, I think of four species besides the English sparrow, viz.: the chipping sparrow, the song-sparrow, the purple finch and the goldfinch. Other species may be found in the city, and are among the common birds, but I shall speak particularly of only those species which may easily be seen or heard from my backdoor.

The *chipping sparrow* called also the "chipper," "chippie," "hair bird," and sometimes the "pink," is quite common, and before the advent of the English sparrow, was the only sparrow which picked up crumbs around our doors, and was often the first bird known to children. He is somewhat smaller than the English sparrow and more delicately formed. He may be easily recognized by the chestnut patch on the top of his head. His breast is of plain ash color, otherwise he is dressed in the regular sparrow uniform. He is called the hair bird because his nest of rootlets, etc., is almost always

lined with horsehairs. He is the embodiment of refinement, compared with his British relative, especially in his voice. A pleasant little *chink* or *chip* takes the place of the rasping chirp, and his song, though monotonous and simple, becomes very pleasing from its gentleness and its association with domestic comfort. It is called a trill, but sounds more like a rapid succession of very short notes, and has been compared to the sound made by shaking small coins in the hand. It reminds one of an insect sound, but not so much as the song of a certain sparrow which we shall find on the marshes. There is one habit quite characteristic of this bird—that of singing occasionally in the night. One season I heard the chant near my window nearly every night before I went to sleep. Look and listen for the "chipper" if you do not know him already. No day passes now without unstinted singing from him in all the gardens of the city. They may often be seen catching caterpillars which they slaughter before carrying off.

The chipping sparrow generally arrives about the 20th of April. None know him but to love him, but the person who loves him cannot feel much affection for his relative from over the seas.

The *song sparrow*, a dweller for the most part in more rural districts, and heard only rarely at my house, is about the size of the English sparrow, has the brown, streaky, sparrow color, and no very

striking mark for identification. But he may be distinguished from the chipper by his *streaked* breast, though we shall need more than that to identify him surely. But that will do for the present. He is noted for his brilliant, sprightly song, not warbled or poured out, but, as it were, sprung forth in a remarkably energetic manner. The voice, though very sweet, is somewhat reedy, and there is in it the "grip," the tension, of cornet-playing, far removed from any mellow flute quality. It is only a few seconds in length, but it is often repeated at all hours of the day and is generally quite well known. This sparrow has several variations of his song, but generally begins with three notes all alike. He is very hardy, being one of the earliest birds to arrive from the South, a few remaining in this vicinity all winter. Perhaps there is no song bird but the robin which would be so soon and sadly missed by country people as the song sparrow. The nest is often built on the ground, which is the case with several other species of sparrows, so that the term "ground sparrow" is applicable to no particular species.

The *purple finch* is now a pretty common bird in Salem. He is also called the "linnet," and is sometimes kept in captivity and mated with the canary. He is about the size of the English sparrow, and the female would hardly be distinguished from that bird by the casual observer. Both sexes sing.

We will speak only of the male bird. Quite often he is mistaken for a rare or foreign bird, as he is very striking in appearance and only seldom appears in the low trees of our gardens. His head and the upper part of his body are of a rich crimson color, and he can raise the feathers of his crown at pleasure.

His song is very loud, full, often long continued, and exceedingly fine. It is not easily described, but is unmistakable when once known. It is hurried, but contains many richly warbled notes and is not at all like that of the song sparrow. Sometimes the bird appears to be in a sort of ecstacy during the song, dancing about with fluttering wings and elevated crest. The song is often given on the wing. He is said to do some mischief to buds and blossoms, but this can hardly compensate for his beauty and his music. There is no danger of mistaking his song for that of any other bird than the warbling vireo, and that of the latter is more deliberate and rolling and resembles a portion only of the linnet's song. He is, without doubt, the finest singer of the four species we are considering, and ranks high among all our birds in that respect. The purple finch arrives in Massachusetts in April. In autumn, the male loses his brilliant coloring, which he regains at the breeding season of the following year.

The *goldfinch*, called also "thistle bird," and

"yellow bird," is not of course the English goldfinch of the books, and ought, I suppose, to carry always the prefix *American*. He should not be called the "yellow bird," because we have *two* yellow birds, belonging not only to different species but different families. The goldfinch is smaller than the chipping sparrow, and is very easily identified. It is generally he which persons think may be an escaped canary; and his plaintive, coaxing, confiding chirp—"please"—is almost exactly like that of the latter bird. He is of a clear, brilliant yellow, with a black crown to his head, black wings and tail.

He is very hardy, remaining with us in considerable numbers during the winter, but losing then, like the linnet, the brilliancy of his plumage. The female of this species is of a dusky olivaceous yellow. The nest is generally built after the middle of June and lined with down from the thistle or other plants. The song of the goldfinch resembles somewhat that of the canary but is rather confused and twittery and lacking in tone. It is lively and pleasant. He is a great twitterer and when flying often utters a characteristic *che-wit-te-te* at each indulation in his course. These birds come to my garden when the sunflower seeds are ripe, of which they are quite fond, singing cheerily while eating, and leaving the black and white hulls of the seeds scattered over the ground at the foot of the sunflower stalks.

Later on, I shall say something about the other "yellow bird," and allude to the *chimney swallow*, one of the very commonest birds in my neighborhood, and to some other species. Meantime, let every reader, who does not know the birds already described, look them up.

We began with a reference to the robin and the English sparrow because these two species are universally known. For the same reason we might have mentioned the *bluebird*, which, however, has always seemed to the writer to be less common than is generally supposed. His early coming, his soft, sweet warble, and brilliant plumage have given him a reputation for *numbers* beyond his deserts. He builds in hollow trees and posts and sometimes in bird-houses. There is small opportunity now for any bird but a John Bull to build in a bird-house. The Britisher has the refusal of every tenement. Ornithologically, I belong to the "Native American party." I seldom see bluebirds near my house, and I have never known them abundant in my neighborhood. A few years ago a pair attempted to build near by, but gave it up—whether because of sparrows, or cats, or a fussy wife, I never knew. Nor are there any wrens. The disappearance of the latter occurred too long ago to be caused by the sparrows. The bluebirds are placed by scientists near the thrushes. There is no other species of the same family about here.

As one of the four common members of the *finch* family, we described the goldfinch, which we said should not be called a "yellow bird" because there are *two* yellow birds. The other one is the *yellow warbler*. He is one of the most familiar of our birds, often approaching quite near the spectator.

The great *warbler* family is well represented in Massachusetts, but this species is the only one not *rare* near my house.

The warblers are small, insect-eating birds, often brilliantly colored, having a short, not very loud song. The yellow warbler is rather more golden in color than the bird named for that metal, has a darkish or greenish yellow back, and a breast that is streaked with brown. He arrives about the same time as the oriole, in the early part of May, comes confidingly into our gardens with his simple, cheery song. This song, though so simple, is not very easily described. It is varied somewhat, but in its typical form consists of seven notes which have been imperfectly expressed by the syllables *wee-see wee-see wee-i-u ;* the first four being rather high and on nearly the same note, and the last three more open in tone, and on a lower pitch, particularly the last one. The whole is uttered rather rapidly and, especially the last part, with strong emphasis, giving the idea of decision, as if the singer said, "There, that's my last word and ends it." The yellow warbler's nest is a neat, compact and strong

structure. Let the reader remember: the bright lemon-colored bird with black head, wings and tail, is the *goldfinch;* the yellow bird of about the same size, but a little slimmer, with streaked breast and a *yellow* tail, is the *yellow warbler*. Other birds are not yellow enough to be mistaken for these.

It is high time now that we speak of the "chimney swallow," which the naturalists say is not a swallow but a swift—or not even a true swift, but a sort of sub-swift, so exacting are these classifiers. He is allied to the whip-poor-will and the night hawk and, like them, flies about freely at dusk or even, it is said, after dark. The chimney swift is exceedingly abundant in Salem, ranking in that respect with the robins and sparrows. Toward evening its rapid twitterings form one of the most noticeable bird sounds — unless the jargon of the English sparrow parliaments drown it—discussing home rule, probably. Go out after tea and you will inevitably see small black "swallows," apparently tailless, flying about overhead in twos or threes, with very quick movements of their sharp wings. Their tails are very short and very extraordinary. The quills of the feathers extend beyond the webs and form sharp points, thus fitting the tails to serve as props when the birds cling to the inner surface of chimneys, where they always build their nests. Small as the tail is, you may see the

birds spread it occasionally when they fly low. We believe they are never known to alight upon the ground. The twigs with which they build their nests, they snap from dead branches *during flight*. The nests are built by the aid of a glutinous substance which the birds eject from their mouths. Nests of this species and of many of our native birds, as well as stuffed specimens of the birds themselves, may be examined at the Peabody Academy museum. The voice of the chimney swift is sharp but not very strong. The twitterings may be expressed by the syllables *tsip tsip tsipper tsipper*, but they are frequently so rapid as to defy orthography. Their food consists of insects taken on the wing. They arrive early in May.

The transition to the true swallows is easy. In Massachusetts we have the barn, eave, white-breasted and bank swallows, and the purple martin. The barn swallows are not common in Salem because barns are not. The eave swallows I never saw in Salem, though they have recently been locally common in Beverly and in Topsfield. The bank swallow or sand martin used to build in the gravel banks of Castle-Hill. If there are any in the city now, we fear the boys know where. The purple martin I have seen on Webb street, and in Osgood street, occupying pole-houses, but not for several years, and I used to hear their rich note now and then from the sky. If any of our read-

ers wish to see this largest of our swallows, let them ride in the horse cars to North Beverly, where these birds occupy this year a white bird-house in a field not far from the North Beverly Meeting-house. The other species, the white-breasted, is by far the handsomest of our swallows as well as the commonest. His breast and underparts are snow-white; while his back and head are of the most beautiful metallic, polished, steel-blue, with greenish reflections. His voice is agreeable and very animated. He has sometimes a plaintive chirp, altogether out of keeping with his general voice and manner. He builds in houses, rarely in hollow trees. The sparrows have vetoed this on my premises, and I have vetoed the sparrows by taking down the boxes. The swallows are indefatigable insect eaters, and their motions upon the wing are marvellously untiring, intricate and interesting. The white-breasted swallows arrive in the first week in April. They congregate in the autumn upon the salt marshes in vast numbers. There are few of nature's little pictures more beautiful than that made by a sun-burnished, white-breasted swallow, skimming a blue water surface.

The *vireos*, I confess, have puzzled me in some degree, as the descriptions of their songs given in the bird books are somewhat confusing. I think only two kinds breed near my house, but there are half a dozen species in the state. They are

grouped in a family by themselves. They are small, greenish birds,—whence they have been called "greenlets"—and they build very beautiful pensile nests. The one I oftenest see is the bird called by Wilson Flagg, in his *Birds and Seasons of New England*, the "Brigadier," and is, without doubt, the *warbling vireo*. He is about the size of the goldfinch, very symmetrical in shape, and of a greenish mouse color, lightest beneath. He is quite familiar and fearless; a few days ago one came hopping from twig to twig to within ten feet of me without showing signs of fear. He sometimes utters a querulous, kitten-like mew, reminding the listener of the cat-bird. I believe this is common to all the vireos. But the *song* of this species is deliciously sweet and bears some resemblance to the clearest and softest part of the song of the purple finch; but it is more "rolling" and much more deliberate. It consists generally of four bars or phrases, three alike, and the fourth shorter and ending abruptly. In this typical form it lasts perhaps four or five seconds, or a little longer, which is a longer time than people commonly imagine. The rolling,—the "turns"—of it are quite characteristic, and have at times struck me as almost comical. Without pretending to imitate the articulation, I give the following syllables as expressive of the general character of the song—difficult to read, perhaps,—but the little bird

is a singer who has mastered a tongue-twisting sequence of vowels and liquids : *puliereio*, *puliereio*, *puliereio*, *pulireet*, giving *each vowel* a separate sound, accenting the *e* before *r*, and coming out emphatically on the *reet* on a higher note with a rising inflection. This syllabication is somewhat fanciful, but may enable some one to identify the song.

The other common vireo, frequently heard in the elms on our Common, I have no doubt is the *red-eyed vireo*, so called from the color of the iris of his eye. His song may be described as resembling in modulation the robin's song, if the latter be separated into its phrases with considerable pauses between them. The song is shriller and of course higher than the robin's, and in fact it may be called a little harsh ; or it gives the hearer this impression because of its incessant continuance, often in the very heat of the day, and its lack of variety. Mr. Flagg calls this bird the "preacher" and fancies him saying "You see it. You know it. Do you hear me? Do you believe it?" and adds that these strains are all given with a rising inflection and a pause as if waiting for an answer. The bird never or seldom comes down from the high trees, and it is not easy to get a good view of him. But he is greenish like his relatives. Last summer I heard one, as I thought, singing very loud in an apple tree in Danvers, and after a while

I obtained a good view of him, only to discover that he had a yellow throat, and after all was a yellow-throated vireo, a different species whose song I had mistaken for that of the "red eye." The latter is, however, quite common in Salem; and the warbling vireo I hear every season in my garden. Both species arrive in May.

While walking along a country road we may see a gray bird, not quite as large as a robin, perched on the telegraph wire. When we approach he launches off with a "rapid, nervous beat of the wing," hovers about, showing a broad, white tip to his tail, and lights in a field on a tall weed, making a squeaking, rasping sound as of some unlubricated bearing, and erecting a crest. This is the tyrant flycatcher or *king-bird*, seen quite often in Salem. He belongs to the *flycatcher* family. They are all death to the flying insects, which they snap up on the wing, and are generally a rather unamiable set. The king-birds frequently attack a crow and follow him a long distance. They arrive in Massachusetts about the middle of May.

No doubt many of our readers are familiar with the "phœbe bird" (another flycatcher) with its peculiar note, and its habit of building among rafters, and for that reason, called the "bridge-pewee." I never hear it in Salem. But two other flycatchers besides the king-bird are often heard near where I live. They are the *wood pewee*, and the "least

flycatcher," "least pewee," or *chebec*. According to the books the former should remain in the deep woods, but they are very common near my brother's house in Danvers and, though not numerous in Salem, I hear them every year in Bridge street —this year several times in the large elms in front of the Upton-Story house. I cannot be mistaken for no other bird utters such notes. The tone is a high whistle, precisely like that produced upon a tin bird-call, and the syllables *pee-a-wee* are drawled out in a most tragi-comical, melancholy fashion. This is often abbreviated to *pee-u* with a falling inflection. They are particularly active toward night. The nest is said to be a very pretty structure similar to that of a humming bird.

The third flycatcher, or *chebec*, is the smallest of the three, the king-bird being about eight inches in length, the wood pewee six or more, and the chebec only five. A chebec will sit upon the topmost twig of an apple tree and utter the cry for which he is named,—*chebec, chebec*—for a long time in the hot sunshine, now and then making a dash for some unlucky insect and returning to his post. The note is uttered with great energy and is accompanied with an upward toss of the head. These two flycatchers resemble one another in appearance. The wood-pewee has a forked tail, the chebec has not. They both have the power of erecting a crest. The chebec arrives in the first

week of May, while the wood pewee is one of our latest migrants, often arriving in the last week of that month. They are a greenish brown, whitish beneath.

The *oriole* is so well known as to require no description. The female is much less brilliant than the male and of a lighter, yellowish color. The orioles arrive early in May, build the ingenious pouches which depend from our street elms, and during the latter part of June the monotonous piping of their young may be heard all over Salem. Most people have heard it and been wearied by it, but few know what bird makes it. The name "golden robin" is not a very good one, for the oriole is not a thrush at all, but is in structure more like a finch. He is put into the family of *starlings*, and the starling comes between the *finches* and the *crow* family. The orange-scarlet of the oriole is akin to the red color of the epaulets of the red-winged blackbird. The bobolink, too, is in the same family, and both red-winged blackbird and bobolink utter sounds which remind the listener of the oriole. The harsh chatter or scold of the oriole is a very blackbirdish sort of a sound. No other starlings are common near me. A few blackbirds of some kind fly over once in a while with a guttural *chuck, chuck.*

We have now included all of the commonest birds of Salem, with the two exceptions, perhaps,

of the *chick-a-dee* or black-capped titmouse, and the ruby-throated hummingbird, each well known and each the sole representative of its family. Crows fly over occasionally, a cuckoo is heard once in a great while—whole summers passing without one,—and in the winter a flock of cedarbirds or a woodpecker would not be startling. I once saw a night-hawk flying high over the city, and gulls everybody knows. From these hasty jottings the reader may learn that, although three hundred or more species of birds visit Massachusetts, only comparatively few of that number are common in this city, and that consequently the task of learning something about them is not great.

W. G. B.

WILSON'S THRUSH.

On a broken branch of towering pine
Sits a small brown bird of modest mien,
The sunlight red from the western sky
Comes aslant the vine-clad trunks between.

It stretches along on the spicy ground,
Where the needles burn with a ruddy light—
In many a glow like this they've shone,
Up at the pinetop's tapering height.

Murmurs the breath of the coming eve,
Moving the tops of the gilded trees;
The birches rustle beside the road,
Gently touched by the southern breeze.

Even the catbird's song is stilled,
The scent from the meadow is cool and damp,
The van of the army of darkness comes
Into the forest, and pitches camp.

A gloaming of doubt and of sad regret
Enters our mind as the sun goes down,
But a startling chirp to an answering mate
Reminds us again of the bird in brown.

At once there follows a song so fine,
  So mellowed by distance, so wondrous near,
At first we're doubtful if it be his—
  So tender and muffled, so ringing and clear.

Chiming and trilling and answered afar,
  Simple, but bearing some mystic good:
And somehow the silence it does not harm,
  Though filling each nook of the echoing wood.

Silver-tongued reeds and crystal flutes,
  Strings that are blended by dearest hands,
Music from boats that are weary of sea
  Floating ashore to Elysian lands.

Forgotten the gloom that had darkened our mind—
  The voice of the singer goes into our ears,
And there makes the music earth never affords
  Which only the soul of the listener hears.

W. G. B.

St. Mary's Abbey (York).

The sunshine lingers like a thoughtful smile,
As loath to leave so fair and sweet a spot;
While the vague note of bird would fain beguile
An idle dreamer from things long forgot.
Slow steals the sigh of evening o'er the past,
Through vines that cling with tenderest might around
Column and arch, which reverently cast
Their lengthening shadows to the holy ground;
Memory—the bride of doom—sits lingering here,
'Mid all this graceful ruin of decay,
Mournfully pondering over days more dear,
On many a thing forever passed away;
Here shall she sit till earthly dreams are o'er
And fading shadows haunt the soul no more.

G. J. B.

MORNING.

The world's my own this sunny morn !
Farewell ! false heart and falser scorn,
  I care no more for thee !
Go ! sail the stormy sea of life,
Go ! be the foremost in the strife,
  And think no more of me.

There's many a quiet, lowly heart,
Into whose shade I may depart,
  On this dim doubtful shore ;
Be peace and innocence my lot,
Be self and sense and sin forgot,
  Till time shall be no more !

G. J. B.

Notes from the Field.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

SPRING.

A REMEMBERED FACE.

Oh ! sweet as springtime's hidden flowers,
  Dim violets in great woods that lie ;
Or, after summer's freshening showers,
  The sun's last look, or eve's low sigh.

Oh ! fair as morning's earliest light
  That freshens over hill and lea ;
And strange as when at fall of night
  A sunbeam strikes along the sea.

Oh ! gentle as the south wind's play
  That haunts the fairy-peopled dell ;
And tender as the tearful ray
  That speaks the parting soul's farewell.

O thou, my Dream, by night, by day,
  My heavenly Friend, my angel Love ;
Haunt thus my longing soul for aye,
  Its hope below, its bliss above.

G. J. B.

APRIL.

The odor of the "bonfire" is in these days in the air. A bonfire is a fire to celebrate some good thing. We can remember when we called it *bony-fire* or *bonefire*, vaguely associating the name with the old bones now and then coming to light among the rubbish. The name is appropriate enough, however, for the fire does celebrate the return of spring and of the robin, and the revival of care and order in the garden.

Fast Day used to be the proper day to light the garden fire, which might well be considered a sort of incense burnt to Nature in her outdoor temple, the smoke rising deliberately skyward among the swelling buds of the fruit trees; only—the smoke had a disagreeable habit of not going skyward at all until it had pursued in turn the smarting eyes of all the boys present and its aroma had visited every garden and yard in the neighborhood. To our boyish heart the lighting of this first garden fire was a much anticipated and memorable occasion. There was much preliminary raking, and a good deal of impatience at the slowness of the sun in his business of drying up the leaves, sticks, and stubble. We used to be jealous, in our father's

small garden, of the compost heap which received numerous accessions that we thought rightly belonged to our fire. The toilet was made earlier and more hastily than usual on that chilly, gray, April morning. At first the air felt very chilly, and the bare hands, brought into contact with the dew, smarted with the cold. But exercise and the fire soon warmed us.

The pile is expectant, the match is lighted and applied to certain dry and promising parts of it, and the tiny flame rapidly but gently spreads, grows larger and larger with a rustling sound, penetrates within the heap, sending forth yellowish gray smoke out of the top, which gets denser and of a deeper shade until suddenly transformed into leaping tongues of flame, moving us all back with its increasing heat. The twigs snap and crackle, and we begin to fear the fire department may be aroused, when the blaze begins to "die down" and the heap to assume the typical bonfire characteristics—sullen obstinacy and smoke. The dry fuel is exhausted but we put on the wet. The fire now requires our constant attention. We lift it in one place to let the breeze revive it; we blow it here and fan it there. Every little curling smoke indicates a locality whence possibly another flame may be elicited. The sun is high and the flames when they do come, look pale and sickly in his beams. But the smell is just as pungent. Our clothing is

redolent of it. Neglected corners of our garden are searched. A few more leaves are found or a forgotten skeleton or two of last year's perennials.

Potatoes are brought from the house and roasted in the hot ashes — coming out jet black and thickly charred, but mealy and palatable within, although a little smoky in flavor. All through the day the fire smoulders, only occasionally responding to a zephyr of the south wind by a modest flutter of flame. But the pile got smaller and blacker—until at night it was raked open and carefully extinguished with water, the sparks snapping spitefully and bright in the evening darkness. All boys like to play with fire, and this was one of the few occasions when the strict law against so doing was in suspense.

These old Salem gardens,—the kind to which the writer refers — have seen their best days, at least until a newer fashion shall rule in them. A good many of their owners have passed away from earth; those who have not are feeling too heavy a weight of years to prevent the garden from feeling it too. There are hundreds of these gardens in Salem, some of them productive still, many beautiful, all of them picturesque and all with the general flavor of mild decay about them. The box which formerly edged the gravel paths, once kept neatly trimmed and occasionally reset, has died out in places and been suffered to grow at its own will

into clumps of shrubbery or almost into small trees. The old perennials still come up and do their best (which is in many cases, wonderfully well), the peonies, phlox, dialetra, daffodils, money-wort, and degenerate tulips, wintered many years without resetting.

The trees, which are mostly pear trees and a great many of them dwarfs, with quince tree stumps and roots, are getting old. Some of them bear pretty well, but many present more and more dead limbs every year, and have been amputated out of all symmetry. Their fruit is eaten as of old, but the trees are not cosseted, scraped, grafted, budded, mulched, as they were in those days, when our fathers took such a pride in them. Only moderately schooled in the English, these good gentlemen glibly spoke the French names of their favorite pears without fear or self-consciousness, not always with the Parisian accent but always so as to be understood. They smacked their lips and tasted and compared flavors with the air of connoisseurs. They knew their trees in every limb, and they knew the trees of their neighbors. They knew the time of ripening of the early varieties, when to gather the later ones, and when the latter might be expected to mellow. The fruit must be handled like eggs, and the temperature be so and so in the barn or the cellar. When the snow was piled deep in the gardens, and the trees which had borne

the fruit lifted their leafless branches against the sky, these pears would be brought out to contribute to the good cheer and comfort of the fireside.

It was a pleasant fancy this, of raising pears, and some men achieved great skill in the raising, and in the identification of obscure specimens. The pear cannot rank in importance with the apple and it must be allowed that many of the French varieties were insipid; but it is nevertheless a delicious fruit, and there were always the few standard varieties which everybody liked. The great number of kinds and their variability gave opportunity for many nice discriminations and many interesting experiments in culture. Grafting and budding afforded opportunity for much skill in manipulation.

Altogether pear culture was fitted to rank among the gentlemanly pursuits. Pears are now less aristocratic; they are less a matter of neighbors and favors, and more of markets. And so the old gardens remain old, and the children eat the fruits forgetful too often of the pains and the thought they represent.

As we gaze across several of those old gardens which lie side by side back of the houses upon one of our principal residence streets, we recall the time past when it was so common to see the proprietor of one of them, of a pleasant afternoon, in old clothing carefully devoted (including hat and boots)

to such use, mounted on his step ladder, binding up with skilful surgery and strips of waxed cotton cloth the buts whence limbs had been amputated and into which the scions had just been set. It may be that the original tree, now utterly bereft of branches, bore sparingly, or some variety which cracked, or rotted quickly, or the taste of which even the mouth, educated up to unique pear flavors, could not abide; and so grafts of a half dozen highly recommended varieties are substituted. But, like vaccination they may not *take*. Or I see this worthy man on a Sunday afternoon, dressed in his best, scrutinizing his pets one after another, speculating upon the "blow" or the "set," or the effect of the drought or insects, or exulting at the "fruit buds" upon a tree which has hitherto been barren even of blossoms. While I write this, the gardens are wet, cold, patched with snow, and the white rain drops hang upon the bare branches. The tree trunks are black, pale green lichens here and there showing plainly. Only the box displays color of any strength. By and by when the blossoms come how snowy the gardens will be, and afterward how brilliant in the dress of young foliage. Now the big overgrown currant bushes look like great bundles of dead twigs. But on the pear trees you can tell fruit-bud from leaf-bud and prophesy with certainty how much of a flower display we shall have, and with some probability what the yield of fruit will be.

It seemed to the boy a long look forward from blossom-time to pear-time — so very real is the *present* to the youthful mind, and so very unreal both *past* and *future*. Of the former the boy possesses so little and holds that so loosely, that he does not lay out the future by it as the man does. The boy has scarcely learned that season follows season. Seasons have followed one another in the man's experience so many times that in his work-aday thoughts their march has acquired a permanence. He knows of course, that seedtime and harvest will not always exist for him, but that *next* seedtime or *next* harvest may not be his, he is hardly ready to admit as a possibility till overwhelmed with a consciousness of his feebleness. We are glad it is so, and the man who looks confidently forward to "next fall" has his expectation fulfilled every time with one exception.

At The Casement.

Hark to the leaves' low prayer,
Borne on the midnight air
So calm and still;
With a deep, mystic flow,
Solemn and faint and slow,
The night they fill.

Soft as a babe's dream-smile,
Whom angels bright beguile,
Slumberous and dim;
Waking to pause and die—
A never-ending sigh,
A whispered hymn.

My heart goes forth with thee,
Thou prayerful gray old tree,
So strong, so true;
In this still hour and lone,
Thy plaint might melt a stone
To fruitful dew.

G. J. B.

MAY.

As I am in "the country" I am not at this moment keeping such a close watch of those old gardens. But it is all a garden here at this season of the year—Nature's. But it is all deeded and recorded, pasture, swamp and all.

Persons who visit the country in late summer only or early autumn do not realize how much of last year is left over in the springtime. Why, a few days ago, during a dry violent wind, the old oak leaves which had lain against the walls all winter made such a scratching and bustle as to be quite startling. High into the air they would fly and off with the gale when they had thought they were at their last abiding place long ago. And the little wizzled, brown-red apples under the trees, bidding farewell, but not quite returned to their element for a new climb into the trees. In the bare trees are last year's bird'snests, while along the walls are brittle dead stalks of ferns and other herbs, soon to be lost sight of forever in the new tangle. The farmer is mostly too busy to look at these things. No wonder. The time between the day when it is "too early to plow" and the day "when it ought to've been in long ago" is at the

longest but a brief and anxious interval, too often made shorter and more anxious still by rains and this delay and that. And the two sides of the cash book of a New England farmer are too apt to run a neck and neck race, for him to think of outside matters in seedtime and harvest.

May and June are the great bird months. But not half of our varieties of birds have arrived yet. In fact there are comparatively few kinds here. We have one pair of lonesome English sparrows; I hope they will long be lonesome. Of other sparrows there can be heard from the house four species, viz., the chipping sparrow or hair-bird, the vesper sparrow or bay-winged bunting, the song sparrow and the field sparrow. The song of the latter is not known to many persons. It reminds me of the pounding of a glass hammer upon a little glass anvil with numerous reboundings of the last stroke. A very common and beautiful bird is the crimson finch sometimes called the "linnet." He is a joyous, energetic, loud singer, and a fiery little fellow in his quarrels or courtships, singing furiously on the wing when in pursuit of another bird. I have heard one goldfinch—which makes seven species of the great finch family. The phœbe-bird now and then calls for his namesake. I never heard one in Salem, though two or three of his cousins are common there. The chicka-

dee is heard, making at times a sound much like *pewee*. This might be mistaken by some persons for the note of the wood-pewee. Chickadee's regular note is well known. Of course the crows caw, and twice I have heard the brisk cackle of the golden-winged woodpecker. Robins I did not speak of. They are seen everywhere, but are not so numerous as in the old Salem gardens. This about exhausts the list. Multitudes are to come this month. The oriole may be here almost any day. Then we look for the red-thrush, like the skin of an almond kernel in color, only considerably darker, more like the calyx of a locust blossom; the wood-thrush and the veery, those unrivalled musicians of the forest; the chewinks, barn swallows, yellow warblers, vireos, chimney-swifts; the jolly bobolink—how he will wake up the summer air. And many more beside. I hope, too, to be able to catch the song of the white-throated sparrow or "peabody bird," while he stops to take his lunch on his way to his more northern breeding places. I have heard them in great abundance in Maine, and Mt. Kiarsarge, the first mountain I ever climbed—and the last—was fairly alive with them one terribly hot summer day.

Some one writes to me inquiring where vesper sparrows and field sparrows can be heard. Vesper sparrows, I should reply, almost everywhere. The Salem turnpike (or "Highland Avenue," as it has

very foolishly been named) where the inquirer has listened for them, would be, I should suppose, one of the very best places. I can hardly think where one would be more sure to hear them than on those ledgy hills at about sunset. I half suspect the inquirer does not know what to listen for. The song of *Poœcetes gramineus* much resembles that of the song sparrow. It may be said to be the plaintive complement of that exceedingly sprightly and cheerful melody. It begins with three clear deliberate whistles, but quickens in time as it proceeds, though maintaining its decidedly plaintive character throughout. The outer tail feathers of this sparrow are white, a marking very noticeable during flight. I hear many vesper sparrows every day where I am, a few miles north of Salem. Some years ago they were very abundant along the "new road," Rial Side, Beverly, between the bridge and the wood, and they probably are now.

The bird which I called the "field sparrow" is the *Spizella pusillus* of naturalists. The name "wood sparrow," applied to it by Wilson Flagg and by John Burroughs, is perhaps a better name. I have generally heard his song coming from low wooded land. I should expect to hear one or two during a stroll along the turnpike, but he is a much less common bird than the vesper sparrow. I have heard his song in the low partly wooded land near the northern or northeastern base of Powder

House Hill in Beverly, near Thompson's Meadow in Swampscott, and in other places. It may be heard now in several patches of woods just north of the Insane Hospital in Danvers. He begins somewhat in the same strain as the vesper sparrow, with two or three clear whistles, but his song as a whole is very different. The whistles get shorter and shorter and rise in pitch. I think very few persons know the song, though the bird is by no means rare.

"Rial Side," Beverly.

Fair Rial Side, be thine these lines,
  Reviver, thou, of hope,
By veeries' song, by soughing pines,
  By light on verdure slope!

When weary grows the daily strife,
  And even friends seem stale,
As tonic to a better life,
  Thy favors never fail.

On pasture hills the cedars straight,
  All stand, as knowing naught
But patiently in trust to wait
  For all that may be wrought.

The road, without a wayside wall,
Lends freedom to the view;
Takes all the landscape out of thrall,
To give it up to you.

The bob'link rollicks, jolly friend,
O'er whiteweed still unmowed;
And silvery sparrow songs ascend
From shrubs along the road.

I sing the views of sea and farm,
Thy several hilltops show;
Of hazy, distant hills, the charm,
Whence western breezes blow;

The vista-road between the trees,
Where framed for artists' eye
By pine boughs nodding in the breeze,
Burns that red sunset sky;

And that old orchard, almost dead,
Its lichened, gapped, old wall;
The golden-rod; the maples red,
In the splendor of the fall.

The ripened needles of the wood,
On me drop solace down,
And slanting sunbeams comforts brood
On its floor of ruddy brown.

What strength is in the sturdy pines,
That rise to regal height,
And, decked with graceful climbing vines,
With raging storm-winds fight!

And then the veery's mystic song—
That echoing, trilling tone,
Which rings the woodland aisles along,
To greet the wanderer lone!

Some spirit yearning to express
A sweet, yet saddened, joy:
A tremulous tale of trustfulness,
Its sadness no alloy.

By strength and beauty in thy scenes
Are faith and taste supplied:—
Such help the lonely stroller gleans
From thee, fair Rial Side.

W. G. B.

May 9th.—Just before rising this morning I heard an oriole. Yellow warblers may generally be looked for on the same day. Accordingly, while I was eating breakfast, I heard what I thought was one; I hastened to the door and there on the lilac-bush, not five feet from my head, was the little fellow. Both these birds are valuable accessions in color as well as in song. Since May day many

birds have arrived. On the 4th I heard the brown thrush. On the 5th I saw barn swallows, and on the 7th chimney swifts. Yesterday, or the day before, I heard the least flycatcher or "chebec," a bird exceedingly abundant, loud voiced, and one which everybody hears but nobody notices. Since I began to write this I have heard a song which is either that of the red-eyed or the yellow-throated vireo, I do not know which, as I cannot tell them apart.

May 10th.—Surely the oriole was not mistaken yesterday. He struck summer time or brought it with him. The thermometer rose to 88 in the shade, and the ash tree leaves, which have been waiting, made haste to unfold, and pear blossoms unopened must have felt strange, while even closed and still pink apple blossoms hastened to loosen their petals and to turn white. But the farmer wants rain; and when it comes, especially if a warm and gentle one, how the earth will respond. Screens must be put up. Yesterday a mammoth bumble-bee boomed in to visit me. What a rich, mellow hum. Last evening the May-beetles came out of the ground. At dark a small elm tree in front of the house I live in was humming as if with a swarm of bees. It must have been the meeting place, the rendezvous of numbers of these beetles. One would drop now and then, and sometimes one would be seen against the sky flying into or out of

the tree. Other trees were as silent as usual. I never knew of such a thing before.

This morning the birds were very busy — the oriole full of talk and chattering fretfully, as if he had been here a month. As I sat at the open chamber window I heard a woodpecker drumming on a tree over in the pasture, sounding it as a doctor sounds a man's chest to find the unhealthy places. The dandelions are brilliant and as numerous as the stars. We hear one say how beautiful they are— how they ought to be appreciated, and then the newspapers say fashion has recognized them. But though extremely beautiful, they and their stems are strong-smelling. A flower need not be fragrant to be used but it must not be on the wrong side of blandness. The poor marigold is unfortunate in its smell. The dandelion is not only common but almost rank-smelling, hence its place in the grass instead of the bosom. I spent a half hour picking a lovely handful of violets, a few days ago, and they are now in the room odorless. Some English things are better than American. (We have to say American because we have no word to express *United Statesian:* but Patagonian is American.)

The flat green seeds of the elm are now falling. Yesterday as I sat on the step, I noticed one that had upon it as many as a dozen very minute louse-like creatures similar to the little red spider in

movement and appearance, excepting color. The juice of the thin scale was food to them, and I thought how all things that live and grow, yea, how all the dead and inorganic things, are food for something. This is a common thought enough, no doubt. We ourselves may fall far short of what we might be, yet we cannot help doing some good to something at some time. We are in this everlasting circuit of nature.

As I close these rather rambling remarks the thermometer stands about 93—a wonderfully high temperature for the 10th of May. But the barometer is low and clouds are rising in the west, pinky-white and not threatening, but suggesting electricity and rain.

While we are watching for buds to open, thinking mostly of unfolding leaves, more has been done than we think. Young lilac trees, shoots from an old root close to my window have *grown* already to a length of from *six to eight inches.*

On May 11th I heard a chewink and both saw and heard a redstart, and on the 12th saw a catbird and heard an oven-bird, but it is likely that they all had been here for several days. In fact it is impossible to tell when the wood birds come, unless a person goes to the woods each day. To-day (the 13th) I heard my first bobolink, but one was reported on the 9th, I think. I have heard

neither veeries nor wood thrushes, but they must be here. Heard a warbling vireo yesterday. Almost "everybody" must be here now excepting the wood pewee, who is generally numerous in this region. It is hardly time for him. The song of the warbling vireo is one of the most delicious little bird-songs a body could imagine—so serene, deliberate, sweet, modest, yet of considerable power. It suggests soft zephyrs, delicate odors, swinging hammocks, dreamy repose.

So soon do the apple blossom petals fall—a short life. But flowers, birds and children do not know of the surely coming death. Only man knows that. "Dats a fower tee," says a three year old. And is not the apple tree a flower tree? She and her sister had been plucking the blooms from a generous, child-loving old tree who touched the ground with his bowing branches, and the yard was strewn with picked "fowers." There followed the old lesson about the apples which would follow *unpicked* blossoms, and the little child-eyes opened wide at the mystery. The tree will give a snowy appearance to the ground beneath it for a few days, but soon all the white petals will have turned yellow and brown and have disappeared, and it will be all over till May, 1890.

CRADLE SONG.

Sweetly sleep, the wind is wild,
Loud the dark'ning forests rave;
Sweetly sleep, my darling child,—
Heavy rolls the breaking wave.

Sleep,—the dying splendor heaves
Far on high enchanted isles;
And the fading glory leaves
Storm-clouds in tumultuous piles.

How in vain they mount and swell!
Proud defiance back is hurled,
As his kingly smile—farewell,—
Falls athwart a stricken world.

Sleep then sweetly, darling child,
Sun nor storm can trouble thee;
Sleep and dream though earth is wild,
Blossom hid in mystery.

G. J. B.

I have been cutting up potatoes for planting — two eyes to a piece, to see their way up. While I was at work, just under a shed, a chipping sparrow flew suddenly down — *dropped*, you might say,—to the ground, but three or four feet from my chair. There were some spilled oats, but the favorite morsels seemed to be the bits of nut meat where some butternuts had been recently cracked ("Concord nuts" I heard them called, but I think the old-fashioned name is "conquer nuts," because they are so hard to crack.) Well, this sparrow was so surprised to see me, and so excited, that all the feathers comprising the chestnut-colored patch on the top of his head, were standing almost erect, giving him the expression of a cedar-bird or blue-jay; and, though he picked up his morsels, it was half a minute before his crest went down to its ordinary "well-brushed" condition. They are very quarrelsome, I think, these chipping sparrows, but all birds are, as to that. There is no more absolute fiction than the meekness of the dove.

And now cometh, in the procession after the dandelion, the buttercup. It, too, is not fragrant, indeed gives forth a suggestion of a bad smell. But what polish can exceed that of the inner surface of its petals? Do you know how responsive they are to the water in the vase, and what a pleasant room decoration they make? In a bouquet by themselves they do not look even commonplace, as dandelion

blossoms do. The yellow reflection looks sweet upon a pretty chin. Whose chin? Do you love—ahem, butter?

I have just removed the vase of buttercups from my desk and brought one filled with the common wild geranium, or cranesbill. The color and texture of the petals are exquisite. The leaves are of a rich color and beautiful form, though woolly and coarse to the touch, but the blossom has rare delicacy and grace. These spontaneous productions of nature are much more interesting than the more gorgeous results of the florist's skill. They are, as it were, free offerings to anyone. The picker can lavish his admiration freely without feeling that he is thereby paying a tribute to man, as he is when he admires a building, a fabric, a picture, or the latest dahlia. I enjoy the cultivated flowers but love them not as I do the wild ones. Instead of "friends are kindly requested not to send flowers," might it not read in the proper season "requested to send only wild flowers."

"He is not far."

Be Thou not far—not far!
I hear it whispered
From each lonely star;
'Tis breathed by winds
Across the plain;
And it comes sounding o'er
The solemn main—
Not far,—not far!

Be Thou not far!—not far!
Thou art our strength
When all things earthly fail;
Our fortress when
The powers of hell assail;
Our hope, our trust,
When all but Thee prevail;
Not far,—not far!

Yea, Thou'rt most sure
When all things else decline;
When all's at darkest
Thou wilt soonest shine;
When all seems lost,
Then Thou'rt most truly mine;
Not far,—not far!

Take up the weary heart
That pines for Thee;
Let Thy poor child
One gleam of victory see;
O stoop Thou down
To cheer and rescue me,
Not far,—not far!

G. J. B.

I have been especially interested in birds for twelve years, to the extent of making them the objects of careful observation, though I have never shot them or collected skins or eggs. Yet I have never even heard of a wren being seen in Salem during that time. So I want to know now whether they may be found in Essex county and where. I think the house-sparrows cannot be blamed for their disappearance. The other two species which I should like to know about are gregarious, or rather colonial in their habits: the two swallows, viz., the black martin and the eave or cliff swallow.

The columbine, for some reason for which I can hardly determine, seems most beautiful to me where it grows and not to bear bunching and bringing home. The same is true of the lilac, now (May 18) at the very height of bloom (out in part for a week or more). They look very tempting in their rich masses upon the tops of the high old bushes, and the whole air is fragrant with them.

There is naught common or vulgar about them. But pick a big bunch and bring them into the house and they do not satisfy as we expected. Beautiful as they are, they coarsen and look ungainly and out of place, while the odor, which outside we thought so delicious, becomes just a little too positive and pungent and we wish them back on the bushes again.

The green fields to-day are dotted with the round, silver-gray heads of the seeded dandelions. Nature presumes upon many diggers, many greens-lovers, and, to offset their depredations, makes over-ample provision for the propagation of the dandelion. There are not children enough, anxious as to their mother's wishes, to disseminate these downies, but the southern zephyrs will attend to that.

I have been annoyed while writing by the entrance of numerous bees and their painful buzzing upon the window pane. I put two or three out, but tired of that. I have just found out that a swarm is clinging to the stump of a big willow a few rods from the house. The trunk is hollow and as the swarm *left* a tree trunk they are likely to take up with one, so they may stay. There are several quarts of them.

The sun is coming out. The foliage is beginning to get the heavy look of summer. The elms will not show it for some time, nor will oaks and ashes, but already the apple trees and some of the

maples seem weighed down with verdure. There are five pretty distinct stages in the appearance of trees: bareness, as in winter; the delicate, semi-transparent tinting, — the "mist of green," as in spring; rich, heavy fullness, as in June; more or less dingy maturity, as in midsummer; gorgeous beauty or coloring, as in autumn,—the night, the dawn, the noontide, the afternoon, the glory of sunset.

"Deep calleth unto Deep."

[*Recollections of a night in Westmoreland, England.*]

Night rolls her billowy splendor through the sky,
The distant hills in lonely quiet lie,
And all is still;
Through the long garish day the world has striven,
But now dim shadows fall from farthest heaven
On every hill.

Listen! afar the bittern's broken cry,
Waking the stillness like some memory
That breaks through tears;
Now ghostly winds their nightly wanderings take,
Or, pausing, die beside some haunted lake
Dim with its fears.

The babbling brook trips dreamily along,
Heedless as when by day it sang its song,
By all forgot;

While underneath the moon's pale, watery ray,
The lonely plover skims her lonelier way
To some waste spot.

Now wakes my soul and stretches forth her wings,
Above the dust of perishable things,
On time's dull shore;
Now lives the past in thoughts beyond death's shade,
And hopes are lighted that may never fade
Or perish more.

What stillness and what mystery reigns around!
What heavenly harmony, and what profound
And patient trust!
Let me drink in this influence of high heaven
That falls like healing dew on hearts world-riven
And stricken to the dust.

G. J. B.

The red clover and the whiteweed are coming out. The green leaves just under the blossom-head of the former look like a cravat bow, and after you have looked at a few, with the resemblance in mind you are quite amused. It seems a matter of regret that nature should be so lavish of some of her blessings. The farmer cannot appreciate the whiteweed—his cup of it is full and running over.

Still it is not so bad as buttercups. There are persons who can paint ox-eye daisies who can paint nothing else.

The chirping of the black grass crickets gives the season already an air of ripening—an autumnal period of the spring—a "fall"—of blossoms. Something is always being perfected and completed, yet there is no stop at completion. Walt Whitman says something like this—which is very suggestive, but whether it sheds any light on "the problems" may be doubted:— "There was never any more beginning or end than there is now; there will never be any more beginning or end than there is now." Probably I have not quoted it exactly. But how prone we all are to look ever at that "Gude time coming," as the darkey at the straw wisp. Why, there are some things, I fancy, that believers in immortality are tempted to postpone till after death. How good and pure we are going to be, *post mortem*. Don't postpone it, my dear brother. Begin now, and if it lasts over, all the better.

The corn is up and the white cords stretch around the cornfields. The crows hold noisy meetings over in the woods about it. What a mixture of sagacity and silliness, of bravery and timidity.

Almost as important a spot of color in the landscape as the buttercup or the goldfinch is the great *Turnus* butterfly, seen now very often, half flying, half blown, through the air. It is of a fine yellow color with black markings, our very largest butter-

fly, four or five inches in expanse of wings, the hind pair of which are tailed. The study of entomology ought to prove more attractive to our youth. It leads to outdoor rambling for a purpose, opens one's eyes amazingly to the wonders of nature, and, besides, the knowledge thus acquired is of great use economically in its relation to agriculture. The equipment required is slight and inexpensive; the collection made, a thing of beauty. Although a boy may be pretty successful without taking much pains, yet perseverance, energy, skill in manipulation, and taste in arranging, will all tell. After a little preliminary interest in the subject, it is a good idea to devote one's attention to a single branch of the subject, say to beetles or to crickets, or even to one family. Salem boys have many advantages for the pursuit of the study of natural history in its various branches. The collections of the Peabody Academy are open to anybody's inspection, and probably as soon as a boy (or girl) showed himself in earnest and reliable, the curator would give him extra privileges or at any rate much encouragement and assistance.

I remember the late Caleb Cooke's genial and hearty interest in my study of birds one summer —his unlocking cabinets that I might get a closer inspection of the specimens. I do not mean that it is likely that the rules of the museum are going to be turned upside down for every boy who catches

a bug or every girl who picks a flower; but a person who enters into such a study with a zest and a little perseverance is likely to find the established means at the Academy of more account than he imagines. Scientific and studious men are apt to be serious and preoccupied, but are generally very glad to help beginners. Every little beetle or worm that drops upon our sleeve, or crawls in the path before us, has either been minutely described, carefully studied in all its habits, classified, named, drawn, or else some one or all of these things remain to be done. To confirm what other men have asserted is interesting, but the student is ever liable to pitch upon some species, new altogether; or the habits of which are almost entirely unknown. When we tread upon a "bug" we may be killing a female of some injurious species about to lay hundreds or thousands of eggs, or we may unwittingly destroy a creature armed and equipped for the destruction of thousands of injurious insects and therefore a benefactor. Science alone can tell us which. It is a good thing to dress up and go around with the girls. Have a good time by all means if you can. And yet there are other interesting creatures in the world besides, and a study of them may well be substituted for much of the small talk and for all of the cigarette smoking now so fashionable in Young America.

Every man should bow his head with thankfulness (if an utter and conscientious agnostic, with a deep sense of appreciation, at least), as he enters that green, embowered arch of the year, the portal of the month of June. Did we not in the winter dream of and have we not all the spring looked ahead along our path and seen in the distance this land of elysian blue above, brilliant green all around and under foot, resounding with the songs of birds and bright with the summer sun? Has life been a rough road with you? But how many Junes you have had. Five glorious years, all June, my sixty-year-old friend. Ah! yes, those *past* Junes, you say. Who you are I know not, but for most of you this June may be as blessed as any, if you will make it so, for many of you the happiest yet. "Every day'll be Sunday by and by," some either pious or flippant person sang. I would formulate my hope thus:—"All the year'll be June, by and by."

A marvellously fine day, this last day of May—in spite of showers in the morning and a sprinkling again in the afternoon. A sky of delicious blue, and over it, gliding swiftly with everchanging forms, great and small clouds from the south—the largest with rounded, domelike tops and areas of soft gray or lead color, almost threatening, the

smallest mere white shreds and scraps or a little larger with edges thin and, as it were, gently torn, ravelling out into the blue. Off they go to the northward, while more and yet more come up rapidly, silently, from the warm south. They seldom obstruct the sunshine, and most of the time the trees, waving, even tossing, in the fresh breeze, are lighted into the very richest greens—greens such as, methinks, no "tubes" or "pans," no manipulations of yellows and blues on the palette, could supply. Orchards, wayside shade-trees, solitary elms, swamps of maples, clustering hickories and oaks, groves of evergreens, glowing with clean-washed, luminous verdure, wave and bow, and rustle—and roar when the wind comes in a heavier swell than usual. But the wind is warm and without a chill, seems to half apologize for its boisterous behavior by the summer's kiss it gives your cheek. Over distant grassland rush the whitish waves, and in the plat near which I sit, one can study their character close at hand—see how the vibrating, wagging heads of grass, with glistening stems, the nodding whiteweed and plantain blossoms, combine to make up the wave motion. A day of joyous light and life. The earth is a ship, a balloon, and we sail and sail, wafted by the breeze through vast realms of blue and white cloudland, bearing with us our freight of green on and away from care and self and—and—

I declare, I must have nodded, and a vireo is making a great ado in yonder apple-tree. I have heard the red-eye for years, and one day, looking for the singer, I discover him to be a yellow-throated vireo instead. The song, I think, is harsher, hoarser, louder and less hurried than that of the red-eye. This one which I see as I approach the apple-tree is the yellow-throated. If any of my readers are well acquainted with the songs of the vireos I wish they would write about them. I know only three species and am not sure to distinguish the two I have referred to. They are singing constantly now in Salem streets as well as in the country, in the heat of the day as well as at morning and evening.

If you will listen to the chirp of the black cricket now, by stone or rail, you will be amused by the *hurried* quality very noticeable in it. It seems as if each chirp were curtailed a trifle in the exercise of a childish impatience to begin the next one. Yesterday as I listened, the little chap's fiddle would lack its resonance for a stroke occasionally, as if there were not rosin enough on his bow. It was just as in a violin you may produce a squeak caused simply by the rubbing of the hair on the string, when the vibrations are not great enough to ring the wood. The August tree crickets are blatant, shouting creatures, but these small negroes of the grass have a voice in sweetness worthy to rank with the Jubilee Singers themselves.

SUMMER.

JUNE.

Take off your hat and enter June with so deep a sense of the beauty of our dear old New England, that you are resolved to fill your place this month at least as well as the trees, grass, birds, flowers, do. Give someone a ride who cannot afford one—if only in the horse cars—take the children into the fields, drop your pen (perhaps you only "dictate" in these days), your yardstick, your brush or your goose, and go once or twice, if it cost you meals, into the country. If you want to get the real essence of nature, and to take an humble attitude while doing her reverence, get a job weeding onions. There I go again. At any rate, when you go to your homes with an armful of roses and sit at a table loaded with strawberries, and can drink in such sights and such air, don't, I beg of you, complain of a little heat; don't, I pray, begin to hope for October. If you are going anywhere, go in June; if you marry, marry in June; if possible, be born in June; yea, I had almost added, if you must die, die in June, but I should advise living it through at least.

However, I noticed this forenoon potato vines just coming up with four or five bugs to a plant. Nature, benignant enough in some lines, and beauteous, has such queer ways that we have to actually throw poison in her face. These bugs, I think, listen and wait where the plant is to crack the ground, and when it comes up—there they are. Paris green is bad stuff and should be kept from children and from cows and used with care. I wish there could be found some substitute. In the good old times we got along without the electric light and the potato-beetle. I wonder what new beetles and what new lights await us.

Some persons who chance to sleep in chambers exposed to the full glare of the electric light, resort, I suppose, to heavy shades that it may still be night in the bedroom. Others do not object to the lighted room, and soon get accustomed to the flickering ups and downs and the semi-extinguishments. The English sparrow belongs to the latter class of creatures. The other day I saw a pair in the square at Danvers Plains busily engaged, both cock and hen, in carrying up straws and sticks into the cone over the electric lamp hung over the street. Perhaps if just enough of the current could be diverted, it would facilitate the hatching, might even improve the breed, so that harsh chirpings would become musical warblings. Too many volts would be likely to sadly demor-

alize things in that home, light both day and night.

An inspection of a strawberry bed reveals white berries, which marks the stage previous to redness—the whiteness remaining long on the tips of some varieties. By the roadside one may find very few wild ones. Wild strawberries are not a regular institution about here, as they are in some parts of New England. Yet on June 17, 1880, during a stroll in Beverly, I came across a good many. It was in a bit of pasture land nearly surrounded by a white pine growth—arid, thin-soiled, secluded. There were carpets of long gray lichens, patches of brilliant sheep laurel in full bloom, and great numbers of strawberry plants which only here and there bore fruit in great abundance. After working ineffectually at the poor bark of a young birch tree, a cone was made of that day's *Advertiser*, and my companion and myself picked about a quart in the sweltering sun. The job of hulling them at home was tremendous, as they were exceedingly small, but the fragrance and the flavor repaid.

As I sat this evening, about sunset, reading the newspaper, a very loud and clear birdnote attracted my attention. Directly a lady's voice was heard from upstairs, "There's a wood thrush!" When I stepped outdoors, another member of the house-

hold who chanced to be out there, inquired, "Wasn't that a wood thrush?" In a moment, it came again from a neighbor's tree—a sweet trill with a harsh little shake at the end. But, alas! that proved to be all. Was he, forsooth, a denizen of the wood, going to play his music like an organ-grinder, on a gentleman's lawn close to the highway? Should he do as the common robin does? Let the brown thrush cheapen his music sometimes in that way if he choose. Why these clarion outbursts, tantalizing humans into the belief that they were about to be treated to a song from the best singer in the land?

Everywhere in the neighborhood of apple-trees, on the bushes, walls and fences, are the full grown tent caterpillars. They are looking leisurely for retreats in which to spin their cocoons and to turn into the pupa state. They are rather disagreeable in unexpected places, especially on the back of your neck. But they will probably not spin a cocoon there if you have much energy. I have one now crawling about on my desk. He has some beautiful colors and markings under his thin coating of hairs. Along the middle of the back is a whitish stripe, on the sides of which are very delicate, fine yellow and black markings. Below these on each side, every ring of the body has a large black spot, with a beautifully tinted light

blue centre. Still lower are more yellow, blue and black marks. These creatures appear to enjoy a few days of promiscuous feeding on various plants before they transform. They are not especially injurious around here at present, but the large webs, now black and brown with the castings of the insects, are extremely unsightly, and here and there a badly infested tree is nearly stripped. About two weeks after they turn into pupæ, the brown moths appear. I will throw my specimen out uninjured as he has posed so well for me.

While I write I hear an indigo bird. His song is very peculiar and has a swinging movement to it—irregular, for although the tones are very much alike in other respects they vary in length. It is rather longer than that of a song sparrow, and is not very sweet. It suggests the syllables *seep*, *seep*, *sipsee, sipsee, sip*, *sip, seep*, *sipsee*, *sipsee*, and so on. His color is a dark and glossy blue, but his mate looks like a sparrow.

Colloquially, the term *fly* is applied to many different insects, as "dragon-fly," and "fire-fly." The former has four wings, while the latter is a beetle having two wing cases and two wings. But, strictly speaking, the term *fly* is applicable only to the members of the order *Diptera*, or two-winged insects without wing cases. No flies have jaws, but a proboscis, sometimes fitted for piercing and sucking, sometimes for lapping. Gnats and mos-

quitoes are flies. The Hessian fly is a noted member of this order. On the window pane a few feet from me crawls and occasionally buzzes a large horse-fly—not the very large black one which is so formidable a creature—but larger than the common green-head, perfectly equipped, no doubt, to draw blood out through the hide of an ox. He has a slow, sticky way of crawling. But there are hundreds of species of flies, and a study of the order or any branch of it would prove very interesting. Ninety-nine per cent. of all the flies in our houses are of one species—the common house-fly. There are other species more or less familiar to us—the big blue fly so common in groceries around the molasses hogshead; the shiny "blue bottle;" the larger striped fly which hatches its eggs within its own body. But all flies much smaller or larger than the common house-fly are not "little baby ones" or "big papa flies" but are of a different species. It is a fact which the average mind is slow to learn that *flies do not grow bigger*. This is generally true of all insects with wings. The fact that they have wings shows that they are fully developed. The growing is all done in the maggot state, which is probably spent in the case of the house-fly, in manure.

A pretty picture: two little girls blowing soap-bubbles—one a curly head of six, the other a chub of over three. Each has a new T. D. pipe and

a tin cup of suds in which floats a bit of Ivory soap. The rosy cheeks distend and the bubbles grow—a wet thick-skinned heavy bubble at first with a lump of suds hanging to it. The second or third one from the dip is of a more ethereal and iridescent nature, and stretches out from the pipe as eager to go as the Fourth of July balloon. In a moment the wind takes it and up it goes, a perfect globe, glorious with the greens and pinks of the opal, in some lights silvery white, against the sky a dark hue of various shadings. But at the slightest touch to fence or twig it vanishes with a spatter of tiny drops, amid the screams of the bubble blowers. The small and medium sized bubbles are as rigid as solid shot, but the overblown gleaming monsters wabble and wave and are short-lived. Now the children move to the big barn doorway, and, caught in the draft, the clean bubbles venture into the ripe brown darkness of the old barn, as if with a mind to explore its dusty rafters with the swallows, but soon go out upon the haystrewn floor. A pretty play, bubble blowing, and a good use for the new white pipes with their yellow glazed stems. But alas, even bubbles lose their charm (though how we grown folks chase them) and there is some trifling disagreement about the ownership of a certain bubble, and pinafores grow wet with slopped soapy water. Never mind, another day they will be just as bright,

and burst in one's face with just the same tiny shower bath and soapy odor.

On the poorer roads the white dust is getting deep. When raised in thick clouds by a passing vehicle it slowly settles upon the grass and shrubbery, or even upon the flower beds of the lee side of the road, which is now generally the easterly or northerly side. Dusty vegetation is the opposite of cheering in its effect upon the mind, and one important service performed by the summer showers is the cleansing of the leaves in such situations. But no housekeeper who has lived in the far west will ever complain of dust in New England. Dwellers in California, New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, and other portions of the west endure dustiness of which we do not dream.

The piping of the young orioles is the most monotonous sound made by a bird that I know of. It is heard at this time and is a sound easily associated with cherry time. The old orioles may be seen now on the fences and walls and on the ground in search of family provender. They have to work hard for their family, albeit they dress so richly, with no tailor's bill to come in. We shall not hear the orioles much more. For a few days in August, they do a little singing, a fact which I noticed some time before I came across the only

allusion to it in a book which I know of. The bobolinks are still singing, but will soon finish.

The Maryland yellow-throat, after the goldfinch and the yellow warbler, may perhaps be called a yellow bird, though by no means so yellow as the two others. His song has been put into various words; but translating bird songs into words is in most cases much like seeing whales and camels in the clouds. "*What a pity, what a pity, what a pity*," comes pretty near it. I hear one every day as I sit in the back porch.

Perhaps those readers who have been interested in my allusions to birds will be glad to know how many different species I have observed this season. I have made no excursions into field or wood to speak of. The birds listed have all, as it were, come to me. Those marked with a star I have *heard* only—the others I have both seen and heard.

*Wood thrush,
*Wilson's thrush,
Robin,
*Cat-bird,
Brown thrush,
Bluebird,
Chickadee,
*Oven-bird,
*Maryland yellow-throat,
Yellow warbler,
*Black-throated green warbler, (?)
Song sparrow,
Chipping sparrow,
*Field sparrow,
Chewink,
Indigo bird,
English sparrow,
Bobolink,
Redwinged blackbird,
Baltimore oriole,
Crow,
*Blue jay,
King bird,

Redstart,	Phœbe bird,
Barn swallow,	*Wood pewee,
White-bellied swallow,	Least flycatcher,
Black martin, (?)	Night hawk,
Yellow-throated vireo,	Chimney swift,
*Red-eyed vireo,	Black-billed cuckoo,
*Warbling vireo,	*Golden-winged woodpecker,
Crimson finch,	Downy woodpecker,
Goldfinch,	*Quail.
Vesper sparrow,	

Of these forty-two species I have observed all but four—the cat-bird, redstart, redwinged blackbird, and downy woodpecker — from the house where I live. About two I am not positive, though one of them is a very common bird, the black-throated green warbler and the martin. A whip-poorwill has been heard from the house but not by me. I have seen several hawks, but could not determine the species. I give this list merely to show what a great variety of very common birds we have, not to prove any energy on my part, for I do not recollect seeing a cat-bird this year, which I could not have avoided had I been into the woods.

If I were called upon to pick out the six best songsters, I should choose the wood thrush, for his wonderfully sweet-toned leisurely song; the Wilson's thrush, or "veery," for the mysterious echoing, ringing character of his very peculiar notes; the warbling vireo, for his rich liquid warble; the crimson or "purple" finch, for his loud, long, rapid,

vehement song; the song sparrow for his reedy, simple lyric, and the bobolink for his reckless jolly medley. To make up the dozen, I should take the robin, brown thrush, bluebird, red-eyed vireo goldfinch and vesper sparrow. And now I must add the oriole to make a baker's dozen. And even now I have left out the chipping sparrow and yellow warbler, which makes me feel sorry. So I must stop, or I shall have them all in.

The tall buttercup is blooming now. I am not a botanist, but I suppose it is *Ranunculus acris*. The flower is rather smaller and paler than that of the common early buttercup, and out of proportion to the extravagantly long stem.

Some one asked whether the ox-eye daisy was not a flower with *yellow* rays. The question caused some astonishment, but an investigation discovered that although the ox-eye daisy is the whiteweed, yet "ox-eye" is given in Gray as the popular name of *Heliopsis lævis*, which is without doubt the yellow flower to which the questioner referred.

While I was dressing this morning, my attention was attracted by a whitish object attached to the pendent twigs of an elm near the window. The object was apparently eight inches long and brownish at each end. The lower end was in motion, and I knew it to be some kind of an animal, but could

not make out what. There was a sudden change of position, and the thing revolved itself into a common red squirrel. He had been hanging head downward and was belly towards me. I watched him so long that a person who assumes some authority over me at times called me once or twice to breakfast, but I could not discover what he was finding and eating. He explored thoroughly the branches and twigs to their very ends, and very frequently seized something with his "hand" and devoured it. I do not know whether they eat insects or not, nor did I think the tree was so thickly infested with anything as his motions would imply. Yet it seems hardly probable that he would travel so far for bits of tender foliage. If he eats insects so fast, it would in part compensate for his injury to the birds.

It seemed quite like being in the city here yesterday to witness a dusty rough and tumble fight between two English sparrows in the middle of the road. What impudent, quarrelsome things the king birds are—almost always the pursuers too. Yet I saw a robin evidently in chase of one the other day.

The snowy bloom of the shad-bush attracts attention at the wayside in the springtime. The berries it bears are said by the books to be edible, sweet and pleasant. I want to be very candid in these papers, and to make no pretence, so I confess

I never found the berries or tasted them until to-day. A few hours ago I went to look at a small tree which I remembered was covered with blossoms. I found two berries on it. I ate one and gave the other away. Is it not worth recording? I agree with Thoreau that every new experience is an interesting, in a certain sense, an important, fact.

"JOSHUA'S MOUNTAIN," BEVERLY.

The evening robin homeward flies
To gloaming wood on yonder shore;
The river smooth in purple lies,
And sparrow songs come tinkling o'er
From Rial Side, whose verdant mead,
Still warm from glow of noontime sun,
And pasture where the horses feed,
And cedars standing one by one,
And forest dark against the sky—
All whisper promise of the eve,
When Nature, moved in rest to feel
How rich the good she doth receive
In daytime, in her thanks doth kneel.

W. G. B.

Everyone who rides along the country roads at this season of the year must notice the delicious fragrance wafted from the blossoms of the wild grape vines which climb over the walls and the wayside shrubbery. It resembles the odor of mignonette and suggests the smell of the fruit itself, with a hint of acidity, as of the lemon or lime. Like any odor it might be unpleasant in excess. Probably any agreeable perfume sufficiently concentrated would be disagreeable. Some of them are unpleasant in their natural state. I suppose the strongest odor of musk would be called a "bad smell." The smell of the skunk is considered by most persons nearly intolerable, and no doubt it is so at its worst. But I rather like it, brought in slight degree from a long distance by the breeze on a summer evening, not alone from pleasant associations, but for the odor itself. This is very shocking, no doubt. I picked out of the grass one of our strong-scented beetles a few days ago. This beetle is black with golden yellow spots, and almost as large as a May-beetle. He produced an odor as usual in self-defence, and some remnant of it could be perceived on my fingers for hours. It is very peculiar, but musky and rather pleasant. Ladybirds give out a smell quite characteristic, but not very strong. The smell made by the parsley caterpillar when it protrudes the pair of red horns just back of its head, that

of the squash bug (like a rotten pear) and that of the large black and yellow rove-beetle (strange fellows the rove-beetles!) are all very unpleasant.

I was once in the country of a chilly October night, when my room—a very neat and well-furnished one—contained great numbers of half torpid brown wasps. I say half torpid, but one at least was lively enough to sting. A basin of boiling hot water was procured and the wasps shaken and knocked into it. The instant a wasp reached the water a most penetrating unpleasant odor was exhaled.

That animals should produce bad smells is to be expected, but it is disappointing to find vegetable life doing the same thing. There is a plant which smells like carrion. But most vegetable smells are pleasant. The fragrance of the apple blossoms has passed, of grape bloom and of the roses is passing, but that of the new mown hay is yet to come. Where the grass is all of one species it is comparatively easy to know when to cut it; but where the earliest kind is dry, the June grass just mature, and the timothy would grow a good deal more, what are you going to do? In some fields the question is practically—when is it best to mow white-weed?

The blueberries are beginning to ripen, and it is said the crop will be large. How remarkable

that whortleberries are not yet cultivated. We hope they never will be, for the wild ones are good enough. But the owner of a blueberry pasture nowadays is apt to claim his rights in it. These rights are, I suppose, indisputable. But we used to consider huckleberries and blueberries as free to the picker as cunners and flounders to the catcher, and somehow, as I do not own any berry bushes, I can afford to fancy I should leave the berries free to all if I did.

The cry which our cuckoo makes is a very strange sound for a bird to produce. The books say that two species are found in Massachusetts, but I do not know them apart, and I suppose they both utter the same notes. Probably very many persons hear this sound without knowing its source. The commonest cry is commenced by a sound very much like that made by a rope running through a block pulley. After this, which consists say of six or seven rapidly uttered notes and which may be suggested by *cruk*, *cuk*, *cuk*, *cuk*, *cuk*, *cuk*, the time is slackened and the same syllables or similar ones are uttered in pairs or trios. These latter syllables come the nearest to sounding like the name of the bird, but it seems more true to nature to spell them *coo*, *coo*, or *cow*, *cow*, as it may happen. The first syllable of the pair is at about the same pitch as the second, and

the general effect resembles but very slightly the whistle of the cuckoo clock or of the toy by that name. The quality of the tone is not whistling, but guttural, and somewhat resembles the *croak* of a frog. The word *croak* shows the resemblance: and above I used the word *cruk*. Crows make a noise very similar at times but not so often as they caw. This crow utterance has been spelt *wah och och och*. Ravens are said to *croak*, and as a crow is almost a raven I imagine this cuckoo sound of the crow is similar to a raven's croak. It is interesting enough here to be repeated, that cuckoos are called rain-crows.

Our cuckoos build nests and do not practise the indefensible habit of the English species—that of slipping its eggs into other birds' nests. But they are said to devour eggs. I believe, too, that they have been known to play the egg trick (but it is not their custom) and I have read somewhere that they lay their eggs very irregularly and at long intervals. I hear them now daily, generally many times a day, and see the birds quite often. Their appearance reminds one of a big cat-bird with a very long tail and a long beak.

Cuckoos may sometimes be heard in the night. I heard one once in one of Salem's principal streets in the night. Last night a chipping sparrow gave his modest little chant in the moonlight. This is very common, and the song has a cheering effect upon wakeful nerves.

For an air of Mozart.

Soon shalt thou in dust reposing,
Find that peace denied thee here,
Rest, no voice of earth opposing,
Sleep, that knows no bitter fear.

G. J. B.

Verses.

See yon great beetling bluff; how like a thought
It darkens o'er the river, bright and still!
While the dear birds, to frantic rapture wrought,
Essay to stay the night with pure good will:—
How vainly!—through their glad celestial song
Deepens the fatal shadow till they're dumb!

So doth the heart's glad instinct struggle long
With its o'ershadowing fate, the dark *to come*.
Yes, fatal night, thy spell is all too strong
For bird or man to break with prayer or song.

G. J. B.

A friend writes me from Andover that a pair of robins began to build this spring in a lilac bush near her porch. The household cat soon discovered the fact and watched the nest-building with

interest. One day while the birds were absent the cat "thought she would try her hand at it, and not being an experienced workman the consequence was that when the bird came back the nest was about demolished." The birds, however, built a new nest in a tree a little farther off, and since that time have shown such resentment toward the cat, pecking at her furiously and driving her from the roof into the house, that the cat is in mortal fear of them and will not go out of doors till she makes sure the birds are not about.

JULY.

Spotting the fields of waving grass and marguerites with deep yellow, and when bunched in the hand or vase making a splendid effect, the *rudbeckias* add their glory to the year. But the clattering machine tumbles all over together to the consternation of spiders and crickets that the light should be so suddenly let into their green bowers. And the farmer does not look aghast at flower or bug, but sees only the sky and the curing hay — feeling the wisps or "locks," and cogitating whether to "git it in ternight." May I be excused for a hasty sketch of a hayfield, not from my mind but direct from the thing itself?

The background is blue sky and a long, deep green row of hickories, against which stand the red white-faced oxen and the half grown gray-green hayload with its man "loading" atop, with sweating bronzed face and arms, the tines of the fork glistening now and then in the sun. He has a blue shirt and is not so conspicuous, excepting from his exalted position, as the white-armed man who is pitching to him the great rolled-up flaky masses which rise with a deliberate movement and curve over upon the top of the load. The fresh

breeze catches little wisps of hay which fly back again to the field, but the two rakers make clean work, barring the few green "manes" here and there left by the mower. The sun is getting low and yellow and the shadows lengthening, but it is still a flood of heat, the latter part of such a day as haymakers crave. There are apple and hickory and ash trees here and there along the old wall surrounding the field, and robins and sparrows sing, as well as the ceaseless indigo bird, who loves the sun and the heat. Besides the bird songs we hear the good-natured banter and laughter of the workers, and even at this distance the swishing of the forkfuls. And now the fork in the hands of one of the men makes movements as mystical as those of the baton of a drum-major, and the cattle bow their heads and draw the load to the next cluster of cocks. It is hot work, but not so bad after all as that which follows in the barn amid the dust and hayseed and close air. The hay is put into the big New England barns, crickets and all, to be in the snowy days as much a reminder of last summer as the stores in the ice-houses now are of last winter.

In Hay Time.[1]

The fair sweet days go fleeting by,
Under the blazing summer sky
The fields stretch wide and green and still,
And stretch and widen and melt away
Into the twilight gray and chill—
Into the light of another day.

The passionate love of the summer sun
Has tired the earth—her work is done,
She resteth now in the glowing heat,
We count her heart throbs beat by beat,
And breathe her life-breath warm and good.
The seeded summer flowers bow,
The summer birds are silent now—
For they are in more earnest mood—
Save when a joy so deep is stirred
In the heart of the busy parent bird
Once more his echoing voice is heard
Deep in the glens of the silent wood.

[1]In the haying season of 1889, the following lines were written at the request of my husband, and are now included here for this reason. A. M. B.

Down where the tall, cool grasses grow,
The star-eyed daisies nod and blow
In the gentle mirth of the southern breeze,
That sigheth and singeth and sigheth again—
Whispers of gladness, murmurs of pain,
That startle and rustle the listening trees,
Then in a moment of fitful play
Tosses and tumbles the bearded grain,
Then to the treetops hastes away.

O'er all the ripening, hazy land,
Serene and still doth summer stand
And wait what happens. Alas, alas!
Down in the grain and the meadow grass,
Through waving wheatfields far and near
What this tremor, this hint of fear?
Was ever a day more fair, more sweet?
Was ever a bluer summer sky,
With dazzling cloudlands drifting by?
And far away in the eastern mist,
Where the bending heavens dip and meet
And fade and melt in the bluer sea,
A wind springs up that the waves have kissed,
And bringeth a breath so fresh, so free,
And full of that distant mystery.

Hush and listen! Is nothing heard
But the tender voice of the vesper-bird?

A bobolink swings in the apple bough,
Pensive, thoughtful, silent now.
A strange sound stirs the quiet land,
Afar in the distance and there, more near—
Troubles the grass where the daisies grow,
And strikes the daisies that bend and bow,
Nor can they guess nor understand
Yet shiver, as touched by mortal fear.

Hush and listen! And hold thy breath.
What is the end of life but death?
Saddened, subdued, the wind is still,
Yet grieveth anon on the top of the hill.
Hush! for the shadow of death doth lie
Between the fields and the pitying sky.

The daisies perish one by one;
The sweet wild grasses are ruthless laid
Low in the lines that death hath made,
And myriad drops gleam in the sun—
Are they the tears that the daisies shed?

The crickets are trolling long and loud;
Out of the depths of the sombre night
The summer moon rides full and bright
In highest heaven, and gazeth on
A hundred fields all bare and wan,

But yesternight in their beauty proud,
Now riven and shorn and left alone
To dream of the glory they have known.

A. M. B.

As the season progresses, new insects come upon the stage as well as new flowers; but no new birds. They have all made their entrances, and some of them will be thinking of doffing their stage costumes of colors ere long. Around here the kingbirds are the noisiest at present. One may hear the snap of a kingbird's beak, marking the death of an insect, across a good-sized field. Their notes are much like those made by a grindstone which lacks oil, but their flight is interesting and well worth watching. They manage their wings gracefully and skilfully. Only a few of the large *Turnus* butterflies are to be seen, but there are other large and beautiful ones.

My "Fourth" was spent along the country roads and in the woods of Middleton and Boxford. All was very peaceful but the mosquitoes who were intent upon bloodshed, and all was quiet but the few birds, and the trees which had a "going" in their tops from the warm moist southerly wind. We found a good many wild red raspberries in one locality, and one of the party was persevering enough to pick a couple of quarts, in spite

of the extraordinarily oppressive atmosphere of the sheltered glen where they grew, and the spirited attacks of the mosquitoes. I was asked what the hungry mosquitoes had subsisted on before we came to their haunts, but I was unable to answer the question.

In this wild region of Boxford wood, not only were the common raspberries abundant and of good size, but the purple flowering raspberry (*Rubus odoratus*) might be seen in large beds along the northern half shaded slope. I had seen the flower in New Hampshire, but not in such abundance. I suppose it may be common enough in the more hilly or mountainous portions of this state, but it is at least not common in Essex county. There were great quantities in this place, thousands of blossoms. We found some maiden hair fern nearly two feet tall with large and very glossy stems, but there was very little of it.

The Maiden-Hair.

TO THE MEMORY OF JONES VERY.

Found by a poet who loved it well,
A simple secret he would not tell,
Flecked with the sifted sunlight there,
Tremulous grows the maiden-hair.

Alone, except for the ruddy thrush,
Whose twiggy nest is in yonder bush,
Who sits on the top of a glistening birch,
And shouts to the people who vainly search
"I know it, I know it," but will not tell,
Because his own secret is in the dell.

Softly the morning sunbeams come,
Follows, the wild bee's drowsy hum,
Softly the little brook drains the hill,
Barberry blossoms their scent distil;
Softly the sunbeams creep away,
The distant whip-poor-will chants his lay,
Moonlight, searching the darkness there,
Silvers the trembling maiden-hair.

The farmer thinks of the field he tills,
And smiles askance at the ledgy hills,
For what cares he for the wide sky-room,
Rocks and lichens and blueberry bloom?
Even the poet and painter fear
Little will tempt their genius here.
But, bowered in fragrance of bayberry spice,
And close to the scratches of glacial ice,
Down deep in the thicket and waiting there
For its lover to come, is the maiden-hair.

W. G. B.

Along the roadside, but in far greater numbers in the wood where the raspberries grew, were a great many Aphrodite butterflies. They expand about three inches and are quite showy, being of a reddish yellow, or some might call it a yellowish brown, with numerous black spots and markings. On the under sides the wings have beautiful silvery-white spots. I think they are not often seen in Salem streets. It will pay a person to catch one carefully with a net in order to examine those silver spots. We saw several Antiopa butterflies. I noticed several big black butterflies with blue upon their hind wings. They were not the "parsley worms," but Troilus butterflies, with wings expanding three or four inches.

On July 5, I heard the first harvest-fly or cicada or "locust" as he is very erroneously called. This is quite an early date for him. Harris remarks that he heard the sound for the first time on July 25th for a number of years. The only records of my own which I have thus far been able to find, are July 12, 1876, July 25, 1878, and July 25, 1886, two of which, it will be noticed, agree to a day with Dr. Harris's observations. July 5th is so early that I wondered whether the individual might not be of the "seventeen-year" species. They, however, are apt to appear in very large numbers and I have found no record of their appear-

ance in this state nearer then Fall River, Plymouth and Cape Cod. The recurrence of these creatures every seventeen years in certain localities is very remarkable and has been made the subject of considerable scientific study. That the insect should invariably live in its larva and pupa state just seventeen years is very curious and interesting. The one I heard was probably the common dog-day harvest-fly. They have four wings and are not true flies. True grasshoppers and crickets rub their wing covers together to produce their music, and locusts (which most persons would call grasshoppers too) fiddle with their legs upon their wing cases, but the harvest does neither. He has a pair of what may be called drums—cavities with membrane across them. This membrane is pulled in, as it were, and allowed to rebound, just as the bottom of a thin tin milk pan can be pushed in and out. The very rapid succession of the sound produced becomes a musical note.

The female harvest-fly makes little furrows in twigs of trees and lays her eggs in them. She then nearly severs the twig from the branch so that it dies and generally falls to the ground or hangs by the bark alone. If the twig does not fall, the young, which are as active as ants, are said to deliberately drop to the ground, where they burrow and live on roots,—just how long in the case of our common species I do not know, but proba-

bly a number of years. The larva and pupa both are active. The pupa shells, with skin of legs, eyes, and organs complete, with only the slit down the back where the perfect insect escaped, may be found about this time or later clinging to trunks of pear trees in Salem gardens.

There is something interesting—almost romantic—about this gathering of the fruits of the earth, provided always it is not too laborious or long continued. This is true whether the product be berries, hay, pease, apples or any other crop. The morning visit to the kitchen garden probably presents more practical attractions to the gatherer himself than any prolonged harvesting in the field. Though our search be for various things, one basket shall hold them all, and we shall have time enough for a little contemplation, æsthetic or scientific, as our tastes may incline, and we may make the most of the sundry little sights and sounds which greet us. As the seasons move along the contents of our basket vary; we poke our fingers into the warm soil that we may pull the choicest red radishes; we cut the fattest, crisp asparagus, and choose our lettuce like an epicure. Nowadays there are pease, string beans, beets, and we peer beneath the rough leaves hoping for that sensation of surprise which the detection of the first edible cucumber will give us. By and by there will be tomatoes, glowing red, and sweet corn to be broken off with that well re-

membered rustle and tearing snap, and perhaps melons to be lifted from the bed where they were born and have spent their lives.

Picking pease, viewed as a recreation, is the most delightful of all garden pickings. Where it is a matter of acres and of day after day, it must be tedious and back-aching. The vines and pods are soft, smooth, and pleasant to the touch, no thorns or roughness of any kind. In my boyhood, the care not to uproot the vines detracted something from the pleasure of the work. The India-rubbery squeak of the pods as they are squeezed together in the hand, their pleasant rattle when flung into the rapidly filling basket, the taste of the little peas taken from a slim pod which we regretted picking—how these cling to the memory. The shelling of pease is one of the least disagreeable ways of helping mother (or even Bridget) in her culinary operations. Most of the pods gladly respond to the pressure of finger and thumb if skilfully applied at the proper point. Now and then there turns up a light colored, wrinkled specimen with a rounded blunt end, which calls for the thumb nail; (and though it is on the sly, for you pride yourself on your skill) at very rare intervals, have you not found one which defied all your approved methods, the pod of which had to be completely torn to bits and the peas extracted almost one by one? How smooth and cool the round clean pease are in the tin pan or the bowl.

These little pleasures have not much power in themselves to counterbalance the great burdens of life. One must have something more than the capacity for such childish and simple enjoyments to offset the ills. But they may well take the place of time spent in grumbling and fretting. I am sure I rejoice that the pop of the pea pod, the sudden flight of a rebellious pea to the ceiling, the mistake of reversing the proper disposal of peas and pod, afford me a mild sort of fun in a leisure hour. I carry about no heavy responsibilities of church or state, it is true; but, if I did, I fancy I still should like to *shell pease*.

If I should venture to say that I thought there was anything romantic about digging potatoes, I fear I might elicit a chorus of "pishes" from some very sensible people. And yet I used to think it great fun to dig a few hills—which was all I was required to do—and even to "pick up" for a while for another person's digging was enjoyable. This was all brought forcibly to mind by what I did in a potato-field a few moments ago—thrust my hand beneath the plants and into the earth and pulled out a couple of youthful potatoes. I was about to do the same thing in another place and put my hand within a few inches of a striped snake. Digging potatoes is something like mining. The unexplored hill stands before you mellow and inviting. Into it you go with your hoe, carefully

yet forcefully, with an indescribable, sideway, sensitive movement (for nothing vexes the true potato-digger more than cutting a fine tuber with his hoe) and out they tumble and roll—smooth, large, symmetrical, or scabby, small, knotted, as the case may be, abundant or only two or three. Here is the genuine loamy odor and literal contact with the soil. But if there are ten acres, and horses and machines are brought into use, we stand farther back.

Why a man who considers himself a lover of Nature, one who is interested in the habits of birds, insects and other animals, should make it a rule to mutilate and kill every snake he encounters in his walks, is more than I can see. He will examine and admire a curious plant, he will dilate enthusiastically upon the beauty of the dragon-fly with its lustrous eyes and gaudy wings, will drink in the grandeur of the scenery, ponder upon the wonderful adjustment of means to ends in the earth, until he is fairly aglow with optimistic naturalism. But let a snake glide across his path, be the creature ever so small, its colors splendid, its habits well known to be entirely harmless—actually beneficial—to man, and this formerly musing poet and admiring naturalist is transformed into a murderous fiend, as far as his relation to the innocent reptile is concerned. He seizes a huge knotty stick and after beating the ground furious-

ly for two or three minutes, succeeds in pounding the tiny head of the snake to a jelly. A bright happy little green snake, as beneficial to vegetation as butterflies are injurious, with coloring as fine as any in nature, with motions most wonderful and graceful, a part of the beauty and life of the new sunny, summer morning, is left to decay and dry up in the walk—why? Hum—well, he always did hate anything in the shape of a snake—never could eat eels, he says. (Better for the eels than for the snakes at all events.) And this lover of Nature, this poet, walks along again, descanting upon the fineness of the day and the soughing of the pines, and trying to look as much like a benefactor of mankind as his lack of wind and his perspiration from his recent exertion will let him. Had it been a rattlesnake, or even a black snake, no one could have blamed him. But it is a question whether in such case he would have been so philanthropic.

We have in this State but one venomous snake, the rattlesnake, and this species is so rare that many frequenters of the woods for years have never seen one. Probably black snakes ought to be killed, as they occasionally get so large as to be formidable. But to kill snakes indiscriminately because there is such a thing as a rattlesnake, is about as reasonable as to uproot every wild plant because two or three are poisonous. Some of our

snakes are quite beautiful in color and markings, and all are remarkably graceful in movement. People have been shuddering so long over snakes (and many over toads) that to see a snake and not to shudder is accounted an evidence of eccentricity to be looked on with suspicion. The aversion to everything in the shape of a snake which people claim to be so deep-seated in the very soul of man, may be removed, at least lessened, by a little care and thought and by observations of the animals themselves. How much of the nervous dread, now incidental with many persons to a country walk, would be removed, were this notion of the terrible character of all snakes abolished. There would be nothing left to fear but poison ivy, bulls, and that greater pest than all snakes combined, the mosquito. Then not every dried stick or rustling leaf will cause alarm, and when we meet a snake (if he be not a rattlesnake, in which case he will probably try to get out of your way as soon as he can) let us stop if he will allow it, and examine him, his colored scales—no more devilish than fish-scales, his little red tongue which is not fire, his rapid marvellous motion. If you still continue to shrink from him, indeed if you have a deep repugnance to him, need you pound him flat? What a victory! What a dragon this St. George has slain! Nine inches, a foot, perhaps a half-yard long, out enjoying the warm rays of the morning sun with his belly full of noxious in-

sects, he hears approaching footsteps, wisely begins to flee, but is immediately crushed, divided into two or three bleeding portions by a two hundred and fifty pound man at once deacon of an Orthodox church and agent for the S. P. C. A.

While hunting for the first ripe high-bush blackberries yesterday, which were very scarce—only the terminal ones here and there—I heard the peculiar buzz of one of those long-bodied *Asilus* flies. The fly is quite large—some are smaller, there being different species—say an inch in length, but very slim in body. The buzz is very peculiar. I do not feel certain whether it is comical or startling. It is very loud, but in a high key, apparently almost as high as that of a mosquito. But the most noticeable peculiarity of this buzz is what may be called the tune or cadence of it—perhaps *inflection* might be a better word. It reminds one of the higher sounds produced upon a violin to imitate conversation—a query, as it were, upon the small strings, followed by a gruff response from the low ones, only the fly omits the response. It is the exaggeration of the sound made by a mosquito caught in your ear. I have been so startled by it as to jump aside. One thinks it nearer than it really is. A short time after hearing the sound yesterday, I saw one of the flies with another fly of a different species in his clutches, which he was probably devouring. They are predaceous, and the loud sudden expressive singing or *cry* of their

flight may well strike terror to other insects. They are by no means uncommon.

While riding to-day I noticed a willow at the roadside fairly loaded with luxuriant strings of dodder. I cut off a small branch of the willow and it now lies on the desk before me, thickly draped with this disreputable parasite. The leaves and the bark have begun to assume a sickly appearance, and well they may, so closely bound with the light salmon-colored stems of the dodder, which, though tender and succulent everywhere else, is dry and quite tough where it has most tightly wound itself about the willow and run its innumerable suckers into the bark. To tear away the parasite in such places is to wound the bark itself. It is lightly coiled about some of the leaves also, and the teethlike suckers seem preparing to enter and drink their life blood—the sap. The dodder was budded, but not yet in bloom. There is a certain beauty about the plant, but it is hard to feel any respect for it. That an animal should eat a plant seems right enough. But for one plant to steal the sap which another plant has prepared for its own sustenance, going without leaves itself because it receives the benefit of the leaves of another, seems rather mean business. It is a vegetable vampire, weakening or killing its victims—a sort of boa-constrictor with leechlike mouths at every coil. I am not sure what species this one is. There are several species and one of them is

said to be quite injurious in the flax-fields of Europe.

Those persons who like warm weather are few in number, and I confess quite likely to be people not very vigorous—whose blood needs the help of outside heat. Such individuals have been disappointed in July thus far, for it has furnished very little truly warm weather and no hot weather at all. For much of the time it has been rather too cool to sit long in the direct draft between doors and windows, and there has been a great deal of time when one could not sit in the shade out of doors for a great while without thinking of wraps and of catching cold. That sweet neglect of all precaution against the lowering of the bodily temperature which makes one delight of the summer season, has been well nigh impossible. To the majority it has been delightful, I suppose. For there is a great and quite respectable majority habitually looking upon July and August, like Joseph Cook, as "the furnace months." In the minds of these people there is a great dread associated with the summer—that they shall be ever too hot and sweat and sweat. The very word *July* makes them sigh and *whew*. And so a month in which every morning promise of heat is a vain promise, when the chill of nightfall forbids the chat or smoke on the piazza, is such a July as they hope for in the next world should there be Julys there.

I know what the reader is ready to say about

oppressive Boston, about the oven-like railway cars ; and I do not forget that many good men have to work in the sunshine and better women over the kitchen stove. I feel a certain forced sympathy with all who suffer from the heat, but even if I went to Boston, or wrought in the sunshine, or exercised my genius by the broiler or the range, I think I should not suffer very much from the heat.

The farmer, too, cannot help feeling that the weather is not all he would like to have it. This month will, I suppose, be memorable throughout New England for a heavy grass crop and most unfavorable weather for curing it. No vigilance or diligence or disregard of Sabbaths has sufficed to save hundreds of tons from damage or hundreds of dollars expense in raking, cocking and shaking out over and over again. Meanwhile the cut fields, the roadsides, the trees, are as green and as clean as in springtime, and the vegetables grow apace. The frequent copious showers allow no drying up, and here we are at golden-rod time with nature carrying the complexion of youth.

The golden rod, though corresponding with the grey hairs in a man's head as the sign, to put it mildly, of approaching maturity, is such a thing of beauty (a troublesome weed, too, so clashing seemeth utility and beauty), has such delicacy of form and tint in its tassel-plume, that we welcome and accept it, just as we must by and by, for va-

rious good reasons, welcome the hickory nut and the wintry snows. This diversity of landscape as the year goes on, yea even these daily and hourly changes of fickle winds and skies, afford me more pleasure than I ever could obtain from the steady unvarying blue skies and even temperatures of other climes. Here the year is a moving panorama, repeated to be sure each season, but for that very reason affording the pleasure of greeting each year our friends again. How fresh they look, though so often we have thought them dingy and shabby, the hardhack, meadow sweet and the mullein. The sweet flag smells just as it did in our boyhood, and the roadside blackberry vines are just as saucy in their clothes-tearing and offer just the same small three or four celled stunted fruit.

What an uncanny mysterious creature a bat is! In the country they are common enough, and I saw one in South Salem one evening near the Methodist church. They class themselves in our mind with those few animals which seem to belong to a bygone age, which ought to be extinct — like the elephant, turtle, alligator, toad. There is somewhat reptilian to them—dragonlike, suggesting Apollyon overshadowing Christian with his wings and throwing fiery darts. Darius Green might better have argued from a bat than a bird. Of course, one thinks, a bird should fly. But if a bat, a mammal, can fly with no feathers, with wings fastened to his arms, why, indeed, can't I?

In Lynn.

O peaceful, quiet day!
My cares are flown away,
A winged host;
The clouds at rest do lie,
The winds now scarcely sigh
Along heaven's coast.

O blessed, holy day,
To me what can'st thou say,
Apart and lost?
Dim quiet everywhere,
Most like divine despair,
With glory crossed.

G. J. B.

In the rural district where I am living the farmers still make use of oxen, and thus one of the most picturesque features of New England farm-life is retained, and across the fields are often heard the loud cries of "Gee-Bright-wah-hush-haw-back-sh-sh." One cannot help hoping that some good things may be said in favor of this—that it

is not altogether to be accounted for by the farmers here being behind the times. Viewed from the standpoint of economy, oxen *are* slow—almost the only slow things to be seen nowadays. From another point of view, this slowness is a delicious repose of mind and serenity of spirit. It is the deliberateness of nature. It is a calm protest against the impatience in modern minds. What does all this haste signify? Why must our load of hay or our plow go as fast as our neighbor's? If anything is gained, it is too often only somewhat newer and more costly carpets, clothing, buildings, richer food and better fences; and too seldom more intellectual or moral strength and culture.

Still, we can hardly expect the farmer to retain oxen for any æsthetic or romantic reason. And did the reader ever notice how much of his appearance of dignity and thoughtful repose the ox loses when unyoked? "The ox unyoked" might be a good text for a sermon. Without the support of his fellow the ox becomes merely a great bovine individual—stalks about independently and rapidly, may even cut a caper or two, and his big wrinkled neck has a strange nakedness without its yoke.

I was led into these aimless reflections by hearing a young lady of nearly six, who holds a perpetual commission to drive certain illimitable and cunning chickens from that flower-bed whenever

they encroach, carrying out her duties by loud and piercing shouts of "gee-haw," enforced by a great running about and flourishing of a stout broomstick. The six weeks' chickens appear not to discriminate the *gee* and the *haw*, but they speedily put space between them and the flower-bed. One becomes half ashamed of such fussy and feminine solicitude over a few square feet of old-fashioned annuals; but there seems to be no alternative but an utter abandonment of all interest in them, which would be traitorous after all these months of cosseting. That is not to be thought of. Weeds, bugs, dogs, cats and donkeys, if they come, must be fought; chickens, to whom fences are as cobwebs, must be *hawed* and *geed* off till the black frosts come or till they themselves get wiser or are brought to the block.

There are several musical instruments (so called) easily made from common plants. First and foremost among these may be ranked the willow or poplar whistle. I seem to see the picture of a quaint old gentleman fashioning one for me out of a Lombardy poplar twig, of a sunny afternoon at his "farm" not far from Bridge street. We are seated in the uncertain shade of those poplars upon a rude bench at the top of a slope on the shores of North River. There were no lead mills, no freight-yard, and few houses. At the foot of the bank

was a tall tight board fence, then the single track of the Eastern Railroad, then the river shimmering —a dazzling silver—in the sunshine. The twig is cut with the ancient jackknife, the mouth-piece end beveled, the airhole notched out, the ring made a few inches from the end, where the bark is to separate. Then there ensues a wearisome period of alternate moistening of the green bark and careful tapping with the black handle of the knife; and by and by the stubborn cylinder of bark yields and slips smoothly off the white, wet surface of the wood. It must be handled very carefully, this hollow bark, while the old man with wrinkled hands, a little tremulous, cuts out the air chamber, strips a shaving from it toward the beveled end, slips on the bark again, puts the mouth-piece to his thin mouth and blows. Alas! only a sigh like the wind in the leaves, then a wheeze. So off comes the bark again and by a touch here and there the twig is coaxed finally to give forth a clear high-pitched and not unpleasant whistle. The boy is charmed, blows it all the way home, will keep it he thinks forever, but it is dried up or forgotten, or both, by the morrow.

The squash vine trumpet is much more easily made—merely a leaf stem with a slit in the side near the upper closed end. The upper teeth carefully press the slit a little further open, the breath is forced through, and a most doleful noise is the

result. A big stem will produce quite a bellow, and the pitch might be varied by cutting holes along the top which may be stopped by the fingers. My lips ache now with the recollection of trumpets whose mouth-piece had not been properly scraped to deprive it of its prickers. Similar trumpets were made from the hollow stems of salt marsh grass; the note, of course, was much higher in pitch and was not unmusical. The squash vine trumpet is almost as bad as the modern tin horn. The old-fashioned horn, with no reed, required a stiff lip and a good lung to blow, and when it did speak it was with a fine resonance which made the boys envy the driver of the fish-cart. But these modern cent horns, which any weakling or two year old can blow, containing a rattling brass reed, are an abomination.

The cornstalk fiddle comes next into mind. A perpetual hope deferred was the cornstalk fiddle. The bow and the fiddle were indistinguishable—and the music too, almost. Every time I made one I dimly felt that something better ought to be accomplished. I was never sure that I got all the music possible out of these fiddles. I half suspected that there was some secret of their construction which had never been told me by the good-natured grandmother, and I still think there must have existed better cornstalk fiddles than I ever saw.

AUGUST.

For a couple of weeks I had been on the point of writing that the crimson finch was not heard at all now in this neighborhood, when one day forth it came from the branches of an apple tree under which I was seated. Still the remark is practically true, and the fact makes a great change, for a bird of that species who built in the vicinity has been almost too liberal with his singing for months past. Many times a day, and always very loudly between tea time and sunset, has he poured forth his song, in which with comically regular repetition was a phrase, always the same, which I translated "chip chee *wee* o, chip, chip chee *wee* o." But many of the singing-birds are not heard at all and others very seldom. Earlier in the season the trill of the chipping-sparrrow is almost constantly in the air; now it is very rare, though the birds are quite abundant, daily picking up crumbs about the door. I am still very frequently hearing robins, vireos, song-sparrows, indigo-birds, chewinks, and goldfinches. Occasionally I hear a field-sparrow or a vesper-sparrow. The insects are usurping the place of the birds upon the musical stage, which they occupy day and

night. In the barn the crickets grow more and more musical. It seems probable that they feed and grow upon the hay. Grasshoppers are hissing in the hot meadows — as if the meadows were frying in the sunshine. In the night there is a certain continuous, non-intermittent insect sound, which I have occasionally heard in Salem of a very warm evening in concert with the tree-crickets, but which I have never traced to its producer. I said non-intermittent, but I am not sure but what there are regular pauses at long intervals. The nocturnal grasshoppers are starting up, and very noisy fellows they are, too. One is sufficient for a neighborhood. The tree-crickets I have not yet heard, though it is nearly time.

The wind has blown of late almost a gale from the southwest, making the trees roar and whisking off dead twigs and a few green leaves, then swooping down upon the fields to bend the corn far over and flutter furiously its pointed flags till they seem ready to part company with the stalks; to run in waves over the grassland, though so lately shorn; to make the goldenrod which peeps over the wall bow and wag and bob as if it were giving a very hearty consent to be the national flower. The chaff upon the floor of the barn is swept back from the doorway and arranged in drifts upon the floor. Into the house itself comes the wind, just like one of those little afternoon

whirlwinds so common in hot weather on the great plains, making a sudden and loud sound of the letter F through the screen-door, catching newspapers from the table and whirling precious unpaged manuscript about the room. Anon there comes a bigger gust than ever—the ash and the maple across the way wrestle with it but detain it not, and somehow a current gets behind the door which slaps shut with a bang that shakes the house. As I watched the frantic struggles of a group of rather rank sunflowers I wondered whether their stem fibers were not stoutened and developed by such a pulling and straining. It seems as if such resistance might react upon them as the exercise of a blacksmith's arm does upon it. Indirectly there is perhaps that effect in the survival of the fittest — though who can say which would be the fittest, the stout or the supple.

This wind meant something, for the clouds thickened and a smart rain came, and the wind died down as if its purpose had been accomplished. To speak more explicitly, there were many smart rains and many days ensued of muggy showery weather. The long continuance was rather remarkable, and yet comparatively little of the weather called extraordinary merits that term, and very much less is unprecedented. When a man, even a thoughtful and observing man, remarks that he never knew it so hot, so cold, so wet, so

dry, it is more than probable he has known it a great many times. We all forget remarkable spells of weather very soon. If in 1892–3 we should have a winter like the last, there would be plenty of people to say they never knew anything like it. Moreover they would be displeased if you should show them a record to prove they had. The reason people do not realize how forgetful they are in respect to the weather is because they do not often compare their erroneous recollections with reliable records. It is probable, however, that in some detail almost every year is extreme compared with the average. But extraordinary is by no means so uncommon as we think. Extraordinary weather is very common indeed.

One is tempted to wearisome iteration in regard to this midsummer greenness of the grass. How it springs up after the lawn-mower and the grazing animals! Yet one can hardly like the stickiness. It is genuine, unmitigated dogdays. Nothing dries, but rather grows wetter. Candy softens, salt positively refuses to come out of the dredger, last week's newspaper *feels* as fresh as to-day's, clothing adheres to the skin and dust to the furniture; milk sours, bread moulds, butter runs, before you know it; perspiration refuses to dry away and starched clothing is speedily disgraced. In the morning one feels limp and discouraged; at noon limper and disheartened; at

night limpest and desperate. Let us be courageous and hopeful. The rain falls copiously, the sun comes out, and all the atmosphere is heavy laden with watery vapor. Clouds form again, rains fall, and over and over it goes on. We recall visits to greenhouses where we thought we should suffocate; we wonder if it is like Bermuda or England.

The warm moist weather has ripened the blackberries very rapidly. They are so beautiful that I am tempted to the opinion that they are handsomer than the strawberry. There is a genteel, ungaudy beauty to them. They are in black silk, as it were, rich and glistening, their aristocratic blood patent to anyone whose opinion they care for. It is full evening dress they have on, like a person of quality. They are not children in red or blue. They are red or green in their own youth; the blackness is a sign of maturity and soberness. They remind one of a beautiful black eye (how unfortunate this phrase should have two meanings). One may fancy them black diamonds with many facets, each one reflecting a spot of white light. As they lie in the basket or box, a surface of berries, each berry being compound and multiplying its own beauty, the light green spots where they joined the twig adding more variety, they are tempting indeed. They need sugar as they are brought to market, though by very

carefully picking from the bushes only the ripest, or sorting them out as bought, one may secure a dishful so sweet as scarcely to suggest acidity. Yet the over-ripe berry is sometimes almost too bland. When they are just ripe enough, rolled about a little in powdered sugar, they are worth the attention of the epicure. There is a semi-bitterness and an astringency which is their especial characteristic. It is as if there were a little gypsy blood in them. It is a swarthy taste. They have a decided character of their own, if they do lack the fragrance of the raspberry and strawberry, and they make a most excellent jam.

Since writing about crickets I have heard the first tree-crickets— evening of Saturday, August 3d.

I learned a few years ago that katydids were often heard in the towns just out of Boston toward the west. I had always supposed they were never found in eastern Massachusetts. I have never heard the insect, so I suppose it does not favor Essex county. The rhythmic trilling of the tree-crickets is a sound with which everyone is familiar. But I have reason to believe that some persons think the sound is produced by frogs or toads, and no doubt those persons who would recognize the insect if they saw it are few in number. Yet it is not difficult to get near enough to one with a lantern to witness the production of the sound.

I have several times seen them upon a grapevine leaf with wing covers raised at right angles with the back, rubbing them briskly together.

This insect is very light green in color and about one-half an inch long, exclusive of the wing-covers which make it appear somewhat larger. There is an interesting correspondence of the pitch and time of their notes with the temperature of the air. Wilson Flagg published the following table to show the pitch at certain temperatures.

Height of therm.	Keynote of the insects.
80°	F natural, perfect time and tune.
75°	E flat " " "
70°	D, " " "
65°	C, imperfect " "
60°	B flat " " "
55°	A, key note hardly to be detected, many out of time and tune.
50°	G, a few individuals only singing slowly and feebly.

As to the rapidity of the notes, I found that at a temperature of 60° there were generally seventy-two strokes per minute, and that for every degree higher four strokes were added in the minute and for every degree lower there were four strokes less. I found that by counting the strokes of the cricket song as I sat in the house I could tell the temperature of the air within a few degrees of the reading of the

thermometer. For instance, if there were 140 strokes per minute, that would be 68 strokes more than the number at 60° temperature. At the rate of 4 strokes for each degree we should therefore add 17 to 60 to show the temperature when the crickets are giving 140 strokes per minute—or 77. Miss Brooks of Salem made observations in this line and published them in the Popular Science Monthly, I think, for December, 1881. I have not a copy at hand, but the article is well worth reading by anyone who feels an interest in the subject.

The pretty fall dandelion, with its small flower and branching stem, takes the place at this time, which was occupied earlier by the true dandelion and by the buttercup. Nature is prodigal of yellow flowers, as if she made them more easily than those of any other color, especially late in the season. The white flowers of the wild carrot are common now in patches in the fields and by the roadside. In the centre of the white umbel is a dark purple floret. The umbel-bearing family of plants is interesting from its embracing both aromatic, spicy and edible species and deadly poisonous ones. The latter are, I believe, generally disagreeable in odor. Among the wholesome are the carrot, parsnip, parsley, celery, chervil, fennel, anise, caraway, coriander; among the poisonous or disagreeable are the hemlocks, fool's parsley, assafœtida and others. The only safe advice to give to children is never to put any portion of a plant into the mouth.

The fall web worm is quite abundant. It is much smaller than the early tent caterpillar which we spoke about in their season, and the webs are larger, and the branches covered by them contain brown leaves, for the caterpillar prefers the outer surface of the leaf to the whole structure. I have one on my desk just taken from a sunflower leaf. He is about an inch long; sparsely covered with gray hairs, and in general terms may be described as greenish—dark on the back and light on the sides. There are a good many on the sunflowers, the leaves of which they eat clear through. I see very many nests on apple, elm and other trees. I noticed one several days ago upon a hickory, though I am not sure the caterpillars were of the same species. They were eating the upper surface of the large dark hickory leaves, twenty or more caterpillars to a leaf. They appear to have the same habit as their spring cousins have of leaving the nests to feed elsewhere for a few days before making their cocoons.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the importance, in any description of our rural districts or parks or back streets at this time of year, of giving due prominence to the insect sounds. And yet I was once in a half-wooded pasture with a Salem gentleman, at a time when the air was, as it were, saturated with the hissing and spinning sound from orthopterous insects, and the gentleman was unable to hear it, although he did not

consider himself and was not considered hard of hearing. Apparently his *field* of hearing did not include a sound of that nature. I suppose there are sounds, an almost infinite number and variety of sounds, which no human ear ever hears. I do not say vibrations which would be sounds were there an ear to hear them, because there are probably ears which do hear them. If there were not, such vibrations would be sounds in the same sense that certain invisible things are sights. Probably a grasshopper has a keen ear for grasshopper sounds; for they are probably produced for social purposes, to guide the opposite sex, for instance. And if the grasshopper sound, inaudible to some persons, be heard by fellow grasshoppers, is it not probable that other insect sounds, inaudible to all human ears, may be heard by individuals of the same species. We should not limit the universe by our feeble sense. Sights invisible, sounds inaudible, odors imperceptible are all about us, and it is likely they are seen, heard and smelt by creatures we despise.

GLOAMING.

I.

Night is falling,
Voices calling
  Near and far;
Vaguely glimmers,
Softly shimmers,
  Star by star.

II.

Holy quiet!
Earth-born riot
  Fades and falls;
Sweetest feeling,
Heaven revealing,
  Broods and calls.

III.

Night-dew weepeth,
Each bird sleepeth,
  Safe and still;
Through the gloaming
Winds are roaming
  At their will.

IV.

Dim and dimmer!
Lo, the shimmer
On the trees;
Moon uprising,
Earth baptizing,
By degrees.

V.

Onward faring,
All things bearing,
Ship of earth;
Beacons brightening,
Pathway lightening,—
Endless birth!

G. J. B.

How different the present aspect of the old gardens from their appearance in the spring when the bonfires smoked, and later when the white blossoms shed abroad their fragrance and their petals. The frequent summer rains have done their very best to preserve the vernal freshness, but showers are no more an elixir of life to prevent ripening and subsequent decay in vegetation than certain animal juices and tinctures are to perform the same service for man. The dinginess of dust has been in a great measure averted, but the dinginess of

age is coming on. Most of the plants that bloomed in the spring and early summer have for many weeks been undecked and so forgotten.

But there are exceptions. About a rod from me, as I write, is one of those old-fashioned pansy plants which bear diminutive blossoms that we used to call "cupi' delights." This plant has been cheerfully pushing forth its little blossoms all summer long besides a great part of the spring, and is still busy holding up its new bright banners as the old ones wither. But this is the very height of the flower season. Asters are now at their best. There is a full richness about asters which few other flowers possess. They are proud and royal. How long ago we set them out, and how slow and dignified has been their growth. Very gradually have they become taller and taller and pushed out branches with leaves of smaller size and different shape. Then at the end of each branch came, encircled by small leaves, a whitish lump which soon showed the purple or pink or dark red of the coming blossom. There has been no haste, but much care in preliminaries, and when our patience is nearly exhausted the bloom is so lavish in color, abundance and vigor that we are amply repaid.

When I first came to this old farmhouse last spring the two old climbing rosebushes just outside the front windows were putting forth their leaves. When the flowers appeared they attracted consid-

erable attention, though they must have bloomed there for very many years. In fact, it was probably because of this very antiquity that passers-by and callers paid the flowers so much notice; for roses of this kind are now quite uncommon. They are pure white and quite large, and the petals are broad and stout. The fruit, commonly called the "hip," spelled sometimes "hep" or "hop," is much larger than that of most roses. It is from an inch to an inch and a quarter in length and more than half an inch in diameter. These hips are now rapidly ripening, some being green just touched with deep orange, while others are bright scarlet. They are fleshy and fruity in appearance, and in taste much resemble the apple. Inside are the silky hairs common to rose-hips, many abortive seeds, and four or five developed seeds or achenia. The latter are yellowish white, plump, and about one quarter of an inch long. They are extraordinarily hard. I tried without success to bite and to cut one. I then placed it upon a hard wood surface and struck it with a stone, but only succeeded in driving it into the wood. Finally I cracked it upon the hearth as I would a nut.

Reference to the hearth reminds me that yesterday morning (August 28) a fire upon that hearth was very agreeable, the temperature out of doors being only 45°. And yet, in spite of the east wind,

the thermometer rose to 70° or above during the forenoon, such was the power of the autumn sun. Such daily changes in the temperature are characteristic of the so-called "arid" regions of the great plains. Last year I was in western Nebraska. On July 11, the hottest day I ever experienced, the temperature reached 105, but the minimum of the day was 65. July 18 showed a maximum and minimum of 92 and 45 respectively. Throughout the month, the hottest part of the day being generally over 90, the mercury fell at night with few exceptions to a point below 60.

The marigolds, zinnias, coreopsis, and many other flowers revel in dry hot sunshine alternating with cold dew which the autumn affords. Take a chair and sit for a long time close to a bed of some of these late summer blossoms in a sun bath. You must be alone, and you must leave behind all care, all plans, and almost all thought—become almost a flower yourself in your passive thoughtless submission to the influences of the place, though you may indulge in peaceful reveries if blessed with their approach. But gaze at the flowers blazing before you. Upon one is a bee with his thighs laden with yellow pollen. On another a huge wasp of a blue color like that of new fishhooks, and a generally formidable appearance, as he nervously twitches his dark blue wings. Still another flower is the

present feeding place of a butterfly, who is inserting his long tongue, now uncurled from its usual spiral position, into the honey founts. Around many of the blossoms, hanging motionless in the air like humming birds and frequently alighting upon the flowers, are yellowish flies.

There is a large fly very common late in the season in Salem gardens up to the time of the hard frosts, which most persons would mistake for a honey bee, as he is about the same color. He is much stouter than a bee, has of course only two wings, and has a very shiny abdomen, which is in constant motion after he has lighted. I am ignorant of his name and station, but on those hot middays which come after the early frosts have fallen, when a few straggling blooms are still persevering, he appears in their company. But on the cool fall mornings he is very sluggish and rheumatic.

A person who takes up his position in the way I have described for the first time, patiently watching for the insects, which come and go all day long (and all night too) will be greatly surprised at the number and variety of the creatures he will observe. And if he chooses to make a memorandum and a short description of the various kinds, he will have something on which to base some very interesting reading in natural history. To many of us the name "bee" means either a honey or

a bumble bee. But the truth is that there are very many kinds of bees, of many colors, some of them of exceeding brilliancy ; and even of bumble bees there are many kinds, varying in size and in the amount and arrangement of the yellow markings. When we say "wasp," most of us are unconscious that the term has no specific significance to the naturalists, who would tell of the very many species —those who dig holes in the ground, those who make mud daubs in attics and outbuildings, and those who build the great paper nests and live in swarms like bees. (And besides, you will get a delicious sun bath.)

The Rover.

Peace, let him go ! the wanton bee
  Roams careless o'er each flower ;
Then why should I lament that he
  No longer haunts my bower?

Oh ! let him go ! the summer sky
  Is blue with calm content ;
And Nature's faintest, frailest sigh
  With deepest peace is blent.

Peace, aching heart ! to loneliest streams
  The hues of heaven are lent ;
While over all His goodness beams
  And draws to slow consent.

G. J. B.

I was riding to-day in Danvers and my sense of smell was greeted with a strong floral fragrance, reminding me of grape bloom and of mignonette. A glance at the roadside showed a patch of what I take to be *Apios tuberosa*, the ground nut or wild bean. Gray says it has the odor of violets, but the resemblance did not strike me forcibly. It runs over the plants along the wall and has many clusters of pea-like blossoms of a reddish brown color.

On the road (or street, as they call everything) from the Plains to Putnamville, I was really cheered by the sight of a flock of fancy pigeons. They were feeding in the grass. There were fantails, jacobins, turbits, and dragoons. I am at a loss to know why there are not more of these beautiful pets kept both by the wealthy and the poor. Nothing is more beautiful than a flock of white "fans" strutting about upon a lawn. No pets can be compared to a well-trained high-flying kit of tumblers. Besides the higher varieties there are others bred merely for beauty of feathering—an almost endless variety of almost every shade of the palette. They will do well enough with very little care, and they can easily be made so tame as to alight on the head, shoulders and hand. You may choose your variety for curious form, strange movements, odd sounds, as notably in the pouter, the tumbler,

and the trumpeter; or you may select varieties for their intrinsic grace and beauty of form or color, as the fantail, turbit, and the almost innumerable German kinds.

Alas! where are all the pears which the blossoms promised? Many fell off almost before they had formed, and they have been falling ever since, bigger and bigger, until the younger members of the household began to insert white teeth in the side opposite the wormhole as an experiment. And now among those lying in disgrace and neglect upon the ground are many out of which several bites have been taken, and to them as well as to the flowers come bees, ants, and even the butterflies. How delicious to us boys was the first really edible pear which we found of a cool morning on the ground. It was twisted, gnarly and unmarketable, but exactly met our palates' craving. What an interesting season this was to those pear-fanciers of old, who not only kept the run of their own gardens but strolled into the gardens of their neighbors to compare notes upon the pear crop. Over and over again they told why a certain kind was their favorite or why Bartletts should be gathered before they were mellow, or why Easter Beurres should be left on the tree till the very last moment, and then kept in as cool a place as possible. And yet I doubt whether these gentlemen ate many pears themselves. We boys did, and perhaps a

few were sold, and who shall tell how many basketfuls were sent "with regards" or "compliments." We boys had but a poor opinion of the winter varieties, though we bit them now and then—hard, acid or tasteless—but when they were brought forth from the cellar at Thanksgiving time, or later when the earth was buried in snow, we found that while the pears were mellowing a deep regard for them had been developing within us.

Since we last alluded to the birds there have been further changes, and now few are heard. Robins and brown thrushes are busy getting their share of the very last of the blackberries, but do not sing. An oriole pipes now and then, as they always do in August, and a vireo may perhaps be heard. Goldfinches visit sunflowers for the seeds at this season or later, and repay the owner with pleasant songs. The chickadee is always merry, and favors us not only with the notes to which he owes his name, but with his clear whistles of three notes and his other warblings. Blue jays and crows utter their cries, but birds are not an important feature in the landscape or the sound-world any longer.

A gentleman handed me yesterday two beetles which had attracted his attention upon the leaves of the morning glory. They were "golden tor-

toise-beetles"—called tortoise-beetles because they have a sort of shell which projects all around, giving them somewhat the appearance of a turtle; and called golden from their most remarkable color, which is that of highly polished brass or gold. They are only about the size of a ladybird, but their splendor is nothing short of marvellous. If you catch them they soon lose a great portion of their lustre, becoming reddish and more like a ladybird than before. I remember the first time I ever noticed them. I could scarcely believe my eyes. They seem to have the power of changing their color. The brilliancy is of a peculiar character, as if it came from within and was not of the surface. They are rather uncommon but if you wish to see an entomological jewel it would be well to inspect your morning-glories.

MORNING GLORIES.

Deftly twisted, dainty spiral,
Drawing in the sunset glow,
Spreading it with softened tintings
O'er thy petals' face of snow;

Nodding in the gentle zephyrs,
Catching in thy half-lit cell
All the south wind's sweetest music
As from ocean old the shell;

Waiting, closed, until the moonlight
  Yellow grows at touch of dawn,
When, untwisting, thou becomest
  The full glory of the morn.

I half think that at their opening
  When those sunset colorings show,
Then the south wind's treasured music
  From each fairy horn doth flow.

And a man with worthy motives,
  Listening much, and patient more,
Might receive sweet elfin concord
  From the vine about the door.

W. G. B.

AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER.

Even where there is no dread of approaching winter, a feeling of sadness is often associated with the autumn. Some persons live so constantly among the bricks and stones of cities that they are scarcely conscious of the existence of a vegetable kingdom. Other persons are but slightly influenced by the appearance of their surrounding, outdoor, natural world. There are still others who are put into such a state of unrest by the summer that their main idea of physical comfort is to be cool enough. The autumn affords them such a relief from heat that they sincerely and spontaneously welcome its fine cool days. Thus there are many persons who either greet autumn cheerily or who never care much what the current season is. But any one who has taken great and continuous pleasure in watching from day to day the activity and the development of vegetable and animal life since early spring, to whom the trees, plants, birds and insects in the neighborhood have been objects of daily notice all summer long, cannot help feeling, as it were, checked, put off the track by the

apparent cessation of this activity and development. Such an individual is obliged to change his mental attitude toward his surroundings. His habitual thoughts are flung back at him. He is out of harmony with things. This is unpleasant.

In the fall the charm of anticipation is gone. The present has heretofore been interesting not only on its own account, but for its promises of the future. Every new sight and sound in the early season promised new sights and sounds to come. Buds inspired the hope for flowers, flowers the hope for fruits; the early chirp foretold the grand bird-chorus which should follow. Now it is all over; the fruits have ripened and been tasted; birds have sung and gone away. The present is still interesting, but mainly for what it is alone—not for what it will become. The "past is secure," but though the words "it might have been" are the saddest, yet the words "it has been" are sad. The past is secure but gone. Attainment, completion, lack one charm. Every little wayside weed looks up in your face with a goodbye. It has done its work. It holds up its seed vessels with a certain air of triumph, to be sure—yet a triumph relates to the past. True, but is not every tiny seed a hope? Are not the buds of promise already formed upon the trees? But the resurrection day is a long way off. It is not bare hope which cheers, so much as hope which we can see

is being gradually realized. Such was our hope in nature until now.

Yet these sad feelings are, I fancy, more serious in the late summer and very early autumn than later still. When we become a little wonted to the new conditions we are more reconciled. We begin to accept the beauties of the passing day—the ruddy, brown and yellow ripeness; we catch a cornucopian spirit and yield our admiration to the creaking loads of produce from the fields. We begin even to find a pleasure in watching the progress of ripening, coloration and leaf-shedding. We look forward inversely. We notice how a shrub, a vine, or a tree, green a few days ago, gradually assumes its accustomed autumn tints. Yonder stands a tree whose leafing out was a delight to us and in whose dense foliage we have since rejoiced. Have we turned traitor to it that now without a pang we note its falling leaves, that we would shake the tree ourselves to help them off? No, we have simply changed our point of view to harmonize with the times. As the foliage grows thinner and we catch sight of distant objects between the branches, we look forward with impatience to the time when it shall be entirely bare and our prospect correspondingly widened. And thus it is we change our vernal attitude of mind to an autumnal one.

We must not dwell too much upon the hope of

another spring though without that latent hope all other hopes would die. And we may need its full value when gray November comes. How hard it is to maintain at once a self-sufficiency through clouds and gloom, and that sensitiveness we crave to every ray of sunshine and bit of color kind nature shall afford.

INVOCATION.

Lift me from these shades of doom
Where so long, I, pining wait,
Bear me from this living tomb
Where a breath of heaven's perfume
Stealeth through the golden gate;

Far above the care and strife,
Weariness of heart and limb,
Into nobler forms of life
Where the air with song is rife
And no longer doubtings dim.

Take me ere I fainting, fail,
Ere the breath of prayer is o'er,
Touch with hope life's drooping sail
Heaven's bright harbor it would hail,
Enter in and stray no more.

G. J. B.

October.

Farmers are talking about gathering their Baldwins. Perhaps before this appears in print a good many will have been gathered. It is amusing to see the pedestrian, as he strolls along the road at this season of the year, pick up an apple and taste it cautiously, tentatively, after turning it over in his hand to find the best cheek. Quite often one bite is enough, and the fruit is flung impatiently down in disgrace. This one bite ruins the prospects of that apple for human appreciation. But for that bite, the next comer might have eaten it all, so different are human tastes. But there is still hope for bovine appreciation. It has a generous look in the old apple trees, this habit of dropping their bright-colored fruit into the grass and the golden rod and asters of the public roadside, but, if we may judge the quality of the generosity from the quality of the fruit thus scattered, it is commonly of a rather inferior sort. If the trees gave of their best, we might indulge in the pretty fancy that they were deserving of praise; but the very contrary is true—they give of their wormiest and gnarliest. Still, the thirsty passer may find a good apple now and then, especially

after the burly wind has given the niggardly trees a good shaking.

The barberry bushes are prominent objects in the rural landscape in these days. They are, I think, growing into some repute with the landscape gardener, and deservedly so, both for flowers and fruit. It is hard to get up much enthusiasm for the fruit as an article of food. I have chewed them with much satisfaction to the perpetual thirst of boyhood, and I cannot say but that the conventional sauce of stewed barberries with red apple chunks in it, is as good as some of the more fashionable sauces, despite the "shoe-pegs." There is a characteristic flavor to it which one remembers in later years. Some of the berries will be shrunken, and others inflated so that they may be exploded by pressure. I learn that people strain out the pegs nowadays, but the genuine farmer would call this effeminate.

The other day an object in the grass which looked like a green apple attracted my attention. It turned out however to be a hickory nut, or what most people call a "walnut." The thick four quarters of the shell easily came off and the whitish, damp nut fell out. The meat of it had a rather raw taste. They must lie and season before they are good. The term walnut is more correctly applied to the two species, butternut and blackwalnut, Of hickories we have four species—the shellbark,

mockernut, pignut, and bitternut. The fruit of the first is the regular "walnut" of the markets, and that of the last is considered uneatable. The other two, I think, are eaten only by boys. I used to go a nutting at Cold Spring, but though I took a big bag and roamed over considerable territory, I think I generally brought home only a few poor pignuts. As to chestnuts, there are practically none about here, while they are comparatively common in Newton. They are commonly roasted, but it used to be somewhat the fashion to *boil* them. Some persons would not like them so well cooked in that way. They are mealy and have a very different flavor. It is unfortunate that when cooking chestnuts we are so often forced to kill thereby so many creatures who have established a prior claim.

The inclination to collect and hoard horse-chestnuts is as natural to a boy as the inclination to eat. This inclination seems like those useless instincts which remain in animals as relics of the past. The nuts are pleasing enough in themselves to stimulate the taste for gathering and collecting. They produce in a boy many pleasurable sensations. The rattling tumble to the ground awakens the boy's attention, if indeed he did not himself cause it by sticks and stones, at the peril of the passers' pates. Some break open, others are tightly sealed, still others show the gleam of the red-

brown shell through a smiling aperture. What a color, what a "graining," what a freshness, what a soft, white meal upon the eye, what a characteristic odor!

Did you never remove with the thumb the soft lining of the bur? Have you never tasted the "tooth," trying hard to persuade yourself you liked it? Have you never filled all your pockets to plumpness, made baskets, strung the nuts upon strings, used them as missiles? No wonder boys are without rheumatism with their pockets so filled with horse-chestnuts in the fall. We boys used to hoard them up—quarts, pecks of them—yet how soon they lost their exquisite polish, shrivelled and shrunk. Some are round, others flatsided, some miniature and abortive. Beautiful as they are it is after all rather remarkable that boys should love them so well, not being good to eat.

The appearances of the birds are now very irregular. At one hour you may see a large number, at another none whatever. Sunday, September 29, was a real bird-day in this region. Early, before I had risen, a small flock of golden-winged woodpeckers gathered near the house, one having the audacity to drum upon the window. Later, as I walked down the road in the bright morning sunshine, cowbirds were chuckling, robins flew

from tree to wall and hopped over the pasture turf, and small flocks of sparrows flew from every apple tree like autumn leaves. In the afternoon, a pasture near by was "alive" with birds, apparently having their headquarters in a huge elm tree, from the branches of which they made frequent dashes by twos and threes into the air and the shrubbery, chasing one another like children, evidently in the best of spirits, perhaps in anticipation of their long journey. They were all small birds, but I could not determine the species, except so far as to know that a great many were bluebirds who were uttering a short, rather sad warble. I thought I heard the purple finch's song, and I have heard it since. A few days ago I heard a song-sparrow singing blithely, and to-day (October 1st) a robin was fluting as if nesting time were just at hand.

Red squirrels, or red "ferrets," as some persons call them, have been often seen through the summer, but I have noticed scarcely any of the common striped chipmunks until recently. Now I see them oftener, and a gray squirrel has appeared in the neighborhood. The nuts are the attracting power, no doubt. How neatly these creatures chisel through on each side of a hickory nut so as to be sure to get both halves of the meat. Burroughs speaks of their doing the same thing to the butternut, and wonders how they can tell on

which sides the meats lie, so that the opening will come upon their broadside. But I found that I could tell by a careful examination of an uncracked butternut how the meat was situated, and if my bread and butter depended upon it I should probably become as infallible as the squirrels are said to be. Of course every one knows how the meat lies in a hickory or square walnut. The rule for cracking one properly implies that knowledge. But one has to look pretty carefully at a butternut to tell. The rule for cracking the butternut—upon the end—gives no clew. How it is with its own cousin, the black walnut, I do not know, as I am not familiar with that. Those walnuts are common in some parts of the country, but are seldom or never seen around here.

The statuesque stillness of a squirrel when not in motion is scarcely less surprising than his quickness when he does move. I stood yesterday about six feet from one. His bright eye watched me, but his perfect stillness was wonderful. I moved a foot or two nearer. He raised his head an inch and readjusted his forefeet in a twinkling, that was all, not a wink, or tremor, or breath apparently. Even a toad moves his throat and an insect his antennæ. I moved a foot nearer—he flashed away like lightning.

I have found on the ends of the twigs of a rose-bush in a pasture near the house, bunches of moss

like the moss upon the moss-rose. These bunches were green touched with red, about an inch and a half in diameter, had an odor like a sour apple, and a rather damp and sticky feeling to the fingers. I had never before seen such moss bunches, but I knew them to be galls of some kind, that is, morbid vegetable growths similar to the common oak-apples, and I found the figure and description of a similar one in an old bound volume of the *American Entomologist*, where it is called the mossy rose-gall. I have just examined the one brought home and found it to consist of a tight cluster of many very tough woody moss-clad cells, each about the size of a pea and containing shiny white and fat maggots about one-eighth of an inch in length. How snug and safe they were a few minutes ago. But they all went into the fire of old apple wood upon the hearth after two or three of them had squirmed under a magnifier. The subject of galls is a most interesting one, botanically and entomologically. These little maggots were probably the young of a small fly, but plant lice and some other insects produce galls, which are of an endless variety.

It is my aim to have these papers convey to the reader, as it were, the flavor, the atmosphere of the season. There has been of late years so much written about "nature" that it seems best to avoid

describing in detail. Autumn tints have been capital to poets, essayists and railroad corporations for years. General effects in the landscape and colorings of particular species and particular specimens have been considered and described. Let us not fail to see for ourselves before it is too late. Notice herbs and grass and of course shrubbery, as well as trees. Even though you are a watcher of the city trees, even if you absorb all that the Great Pasture and Swampscott afford on the way to Boston, take at least one ride with the children where you can see the fiery maple swamps, the olive and yellow ash trees, the rich brown hickories, the piles of apples and squashes, and catch the spirit of these New England autumn days. I remember one tall graceful elm as it stood alone in a field one October day some years ago. It was of a rich yellow color, a great golden vase and as I looked at it from higher land some rods away, the wind, sweeping through its branches, bore from it a constant shower of yellow leaves in long slanting lines to the ground. So to this day hangs that simple picture in my mind. Never mind if you do exaggerate the beauty—bring home in your memory, as perhaps I did, something better than you really saw. That is truly artistic. If the strip of stone wall in your mind is a little greyer and the clambering poison ivy a little more

brilliant and the setting more harmonious, than in the scene itself, you are an artist in your mind if not in your fingers. The things that are seen are temporal, but how beautiful! and is not Beauty eternal?

AFFINITY.

A maple stick which I put in the grate
Snapped and crackled at such a rate,
That up I started in quick surprise,
And turned away to save my eyes,—
Which saw, hung up on the opposite wall,
Nodding and shaking and likely to fall,
A red-maple leaf of the color of flame,
In a long-made wreath on a picture frame.
And every time that the old stick snapped,
The red leaf shook as if it were rapped
By an unseen hand. With wondering thought
I toward my armchair the dry leaf brought
But it fell from my fingers and into the fire.
Why ceased the snapping I could not inquire,
But what I suspected I whisper to you:—
The stick and the leaf together grew.

W. G. B.

NOVEMBER.

We have arrived at what may well be called the ragged portion of the autumn, when her wardrobe is fast becoming so worn and tattered that no dealer in second-hand clothing would handle it. There are fine and bright single garments here and there, but the general aspect of the whole make-up is rather forlorn. Nature is out at the elbows and toes, and though the new suit is ordered, it will occupy some time in making. The apple trees with an appearance of stolid obstinacy have declined for some weeks to have anything to do with the shifting from green to other colors which had become so fashionable, but at last they too have succumbed to custom and are now of a rich brown tint and fast yielding their leaves to the winds. Hard frosts have touched the gardens in that strangely discriminating way they have, killing this plant stone dead, just nipping another, and apparently having no effect at all upon a third. Surely, but with the deliberation that is her wont, Nature brings us through one month to the typical weather and aspect of the succeeding one. There are some bright and pleasant things out of doors in Novem-

ber—in the woods and fields—but they do not thrust themselves upon us, we must look for them. November is a rather disagreeable fellow upon the whole.

As the days get darker and the evenings longer, indoors claims more of our attention. To thinking and not too busy people, books begin to take the place in some measure of nature as objects of attention. This subject of books is rather a hackneyed one. Now a writer extols them as one of the chief joys of life; again the antiphone responds that books are a hindrance to practical life, a delusion and a snare, that people read too much, etc. There are persons who contend that a public library does a serious amount of evil in fostering a love of books. Denunciation of books is almost too absurd to require any reply. Books are simply a lasting record of what men have done and of what men have thought. When an illiterate man decries books he utters his opinions, expresses his thoughts in words, and these very words if printed would be what books are—that is, *printed thoughts*. But what is there upon the other side? The benefit from good books counterbalances the injury from bad books, so that the question is simply, Is a lover of books in any danger from his love? A lover of anything is in danger from that love, I suppose. It is dangerous to walk, eat, ride, yea—to *live*. Boating parties

are drowned but boating goes on ; railroad accidents occur but no one proposes to give up railroads.

Referring again to books—there is a high and sacred use for them as teachers of truth, as moulders of character. But this is not all that can be said in their favor, even if it is the best that can be said. As the world is constituted—as we are constituted—it is very desirable that things be capable of other than high and sacred uses. Every use—that is all usefulness—in the last analysis is high and sacred. But we do not like to confine our attention to what may be strictly called the highest and most sacred things. We like pleasant things. We not only need to be taught and edified, but we need (most of us) to be amused and interested. And the defence of books upon the ground alone of their high and sacred uses would be considered by the true book lover as a very partial, though very strong defence. There is no need to consider the different uses of literature separately, provided it be admitted that all usefulness is high and sacred.

Passing on one step farther, not alone are books useful merely to interest and to amuse by their contents, but they may perform this service in a different and more superficial, but none the less a legitimate, way. That is, they may be loved for themselves alone as articles of possession or contemplation—for their curiousness, history, intrinsic beauty and from association of ideas, with more or

less reference to their contents or none at all. This love, like all loves, may be carried to an extreme, but is not ridiculous as some proud, hard utilitarian heads may think. It seems to me that every good and beautiful thing is a worthy object of human thought and interest. All things are good in their place. We like to think so at least but where the "place" of a rattlesnake is may be hard to determine, and Dr. Miner perhaps would say the same thing about alcohol. To come back to the subject—I mean that to love books as *books* is no evil, though it be a lower love than the love of knowledge. Founded upon this sort of book love we have the bibliophile, the collector of first editions, rare bindings, copies which have belonged to noted private libraries, annotated perhaps by the pencils of great men. Of course, a man may be a bibliomaniac, a book-worm, a book-crank, an untidy eccentric. But this does not follow, any more than a dried-up conscience necessarily results from a life of business. Then we must not forget in this connection those patient people who gather extra pictures, portraits, autographs, documents, as the years go on, with which to illustrate some favorite volume. The unbound sheets with wide margins receive the additions between the proper pages (reduced by trimming or enlarged by insertion to the page size) and by and by the three or four volumes come from the binders—grown from the single original of the publisher.

The love for books is often closely associated or identical with love for the fine arts, and nowadays the publishers furnish us with sumptuous art galleries bound as books.

Some book lovers (but not in the truest sense) are not lovers of reading, but almost all lovers of reading become in some degree impregnated with this love of books as such. They have their tastes in binding, paper, type. One man wants an English edition when he can get it, another does not. A new book is not alone enjoyed in the reading but in respect to its looks, feeling, smell. The odor of an English new book differs from that of an American. Some books open easily; another is bound so tight that the thumbs ache as we grip it in order to read down into its midst. Such an one, if it be not borrowed or too costly (and it probably is not the latter) I bend wide open, and backward if necessary, till it cracks, disfiguring as such treatment may be. I wish to take my reading and my gymnastic exercise separately. If a book belong to me it shall not resist my opening it. To open hard with closed back is one of the very worst and commonest mechanical defects in a book.

Still further, there is another love of books which has no relation to their intrinsic beauty, and which has perhaps a closer connection with their contents. How precious to us become the "books which have helped" us, over which we have laughed

and cried, which have opened our eyes, physical or spiritual—books with worn and spotted covers, thumbed leaves, marked perhaps with your pencillings. There is attraction in the very signs of wear which our old favorite bears. I suppose the worn and tattered school books do not impress the boy —at least till later in life. Besides, there is often too much evidence that his book was thus worn too quickly for its looks to impart such sentiments. The element of time is wanting. The owner's carelessness, if not dislike and abuse, is too evident. The worn fiction volumes in a library open easily, and the white of their pages is subdued ; but there are too many suggestions of greasy fingers for these qualities to convey unalloyed pleasure. I once talked with a preacher on the train—I think he was a Second Adventist. He seemed to be a rather illiterate man and a vehement one. But a well worn, much-used Bagster Bible with limp covers somehow excited a sort of respect within me. How he had preached from it and proved his points from it! I began to think more of him, until he remarked, when the book was spoken of, "Oh! yes, I have worn out two or three of those." Alas! what romance in that? Perhaps one only lasted a year— not so long as his hat—and maybe was worn out mostly in gesticulations.

Lovers of books make a mistake when they are too careful of them or have only such fine ones

as require great carefulness. While defending the love of books themselves, I wish to say also that books which have to be shut up in cupboards and cases for fear of dust, which must not be breathed on or touched with ungloved hands, have little charm for me. Of course precious relics of bygone ages, yellow and crumbling, must be carefully treasured. It is well enough that some persons hide choice editions under glass, and no one will object to a reasonable amount of protection over books of art. But as a broad general rule, of much wider application than is commonly thought, keep your books out in plain sight; and not only in plain sight but where they may be taken in hand upon the impulse of the moment without opening any door or even swinging aside any curtain. Do not buy fine books unless it is probable that you can afford to use them with the utmost freedom. Buy rather moderately cheap editions — good type and paper, of course — and leave the *edition de luxe* for the millionnaire. Above all, never under any circumstances put the encyclopædia or an unabridged dictionary under cover. I would not even have a fringe hanging from the shelf above to keep dust from the tops of an encyclopædia. Keep the big dictionary on a table or desk, and, if possible, without any other book on top of it, and the encyclopædia where a mere whim will be enough to impel you to refer

to it. I venture to guess that nine sets out of ten in Salem are very seldom used, for the simple reason that they are kept in a "best" room or behind locked doors, or piled up on top of one another. Have books around, handy, at your elbow. Do not be too careful of your own books. Be scrupulous with borrowed ones, but if you are afraid to rumple or mark or wear out your favorites, you will miss half their charm—at least, it is so with me.

Let us enjoy our books then, honestly, conscientiously, happily. Let us cut our new magazines without any shame for the pleasure we derive merely from the cutting, the odor, the fresh appearance of picture and letterpress, the hearty anticipations. Let us love our books—love a book because it is a book, grieving the more that there should be bad ones. But let us be earnest in our use of them as well as self-indulgent. Do not dishonor books by reading only fiction and the most romantic, piquant and exciting of that. Consider the riches at your command. History, with its mass, movement, its founding and upheaving of nations; biography, of flesh and blood men and women like yourselves, with their struggles, opportunities; travel, in countries civilized and uncivilized, with its pictures of scenery and people and its exciting adventures; science, telling her wondrous advances in telescope, microscope, spec-

troscope, electricity; and then if you please there are theology, art in all its branches, manufactures, social science, and so forth. "That's all very well for a gentleman of leisure," you say, "I haven't time for that sort 'o thing." Far be it from me to advise reading as a task for anyone with a distaste for it. I will only say, when some day you chance to feel a curiosity about a certain subject, look up what has been written upon that subject instead of allowing the matter to pass by, and it is possible you may find yourself fond of reading before you know it.

I have heard persons who like to cultivate original opinions and tastes, say that they considered trees in winter, when the sturdy framework of trunk and limbs and the delicate tracery of branches and twigs are seen against the sky, more beautiful than in summer when hung with foliage. I do not suppose this opinion was always affected; it may have arisen in some cases from an extreme appreciation of this winter beauty. I appreciate it, but dislike to make the preference—even the comparison. The two beauties are of different kinds. If I *must* prefer, give me a tree with leaves, the fresh clean leaves of June. But it is certainly worth while for us to observe the nude beauty of trees also. Those who have never done so should begin this year. Besides the beauty of single bare

trees there is that of a collection—say a grove of birches or a swamp of red maples—at this season. Astonishingly like a delicate gray cloud, these appear, particularly against a background of evergreens. All such "trifles" may be enjoyed incidentally when we go to and from work and at odd moments, or perhaps while we work. They help fill in the little gaps of life.

As the trees get bare and the sky gray, the wind whistles and moans and seems to add its voice to intensify whatever of melancholy the season brings. In books we read often of these wind sounds—as if indeed they were mysterious and especially significant. If the scene of a story is laid in a seaside cottage and a storm is about to arise, the wind makes that dreadful moaning and the sea sends forth the voice it uses only upon such occasions. Now the wind moans and whistles only when it is passing through some crack or aperture fitted by shape and position to be a musical instrument. But, you ask, why don't we hear it in summer? In the first place you probably do occasionally and would oftener if you listened. Then in summer there is less wind, it blows as a rule from a different quarter, and the fact that windows and doors are open may make some difference. Often the stove pipe, which was not up in summer, is the source of the sound. When I lived upon an exposed prairie I was at first troubled by the exceed-

ingly mournful moaning, sighing and whistling of the wind. A little search revealed the fact that the whole sound was produced around the "flue-stop" in the chimney. A little obstruction with cloth or paper obviated the trouble, and this singer in a minor key refrained from singing. It is well sometimes to rid ourselves of these personifications of the elements, so useful in literature.

The pleasant odor of camphor often greets us at this season as it is wafted from overcoat or blanket or fur which the cold weather has called forth from its hiding-place. Sometimes we find purchases have to be made at the last moment, and some people, alas! even in Salem, have no money with which to make the purchases. To one family, a little pleasant attention and easy care in the autumn is all that is involved in the furnishing of comfort, while to another family how to pay for fuel and how to get thick underclothing is one of the hardest problems. Those who have a chamber register ready to pour forth hot air at any moment and where the supply of great thick yellow, red and blue bordered blankets is practically unlimited, can scarcely picture to themselves the fireless chamber of the poor—not only fireless but so meagrely supplied with bedclothing as to require on the coldest nights whatever of shawl, overcoat or woollen skirt the scanty wardrobe may afford. A cool room

is perhaps wholesome—I have my doubts about a *cold* one. I knew a man who had two strings attached to his register, so that he could, while lying in bed, open or close it at will at any moment of the night or morning. To dress shivering in a cold room is what I call a huge discomfort, second only to the eating of breakfast in a cold room, which is intolerable. A person who is thoroughly warmed up in the morning is fortified for the day, as it were. But start out chilled, and you may not get thoroughly warm for hours.

There are (especially in bird season if not now) generally so many birds in the bush that their aggregate value infinitely exceeds that of the birds in the hand, though each of the latter is worth two of the former. Yet a bird in the hand occasionally is almost a matter of course in country places. A member of my family was startled by the presence of a full-fledged chimney swift in the chamber one evening in the latter part of the summer who had come in by the Santa Claus route. He was held in several hands in turn, his mouth, so big in proportion to his small beak and his tail with its prickers were examined with much interest. Then the hand was opened and the bird darted off in the twilight.

Only a day or two since a snow-bird (*Junco hyemalis*) was found in an outbuilding. The door

was open, but his efforts to escape were confined to struggles against the closed windows, and he was very easily captured. He was put into the cage with the canary and seemed so little frightened that an old cage was found and he is now occupying it. He seems quite at home, excepting when alarmed by some one standing near the cage, eats, drinks, preens his feathers, wipes his bill, and hops from perch to perch with quite an air of proprietorship.

I think when I was a lad I called chickadees "snow-birds." But there are two other species to which the name may be more properly applied. One of these is the snow-bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*), the other is the species represented by our little captive, properly called the snow-bird. According to the books he is also called the slate-colored snow-bird and black chipping-bird. Wilson Flagg refers to him as the *blue* snow-bird. He is about the size of a sparrow, with sharp conical beak and a rather long tail. His color is a slate color mingled with brown, excepting the lower breast and under parts, which are a light gray, and the outer tail feathers which are white.

"Is it not wrong to cage him? How could you do it?" I am glad you asked, for I wanted to say why. In the first place, we should not keep him unless he seems quite content, which is not improbable. If he is content he will probably be

more comfortable with us than out doors. These snow-birds breed in more northern latitudes than ours, excepting perhaps in mountain ranges, and in the winter range in flocks over the country. I should not have the heart to catch a native bird in the spring and cage him. But this fellow is kept simply from his freedom and not from nest building or even singing. If he appears unhappy after a few days, he shall go. Anyway he shall go in the spring and quite probably sooner. He utters when alarmed a *chuck* sounding something like that produced by the brown thrush and therefore like a human kiss, and a *chip* similar to that of the chipping-sparrow.

If birds are seen in snow storms people like to call them snow-birds. On the great plains of the west are millions of little larks (called the horned lark, from two tiny black tufts upon the head) *Eremophila alpestris*. They are exceedingly abundant, coming into the streets of the towns and around the houses.

They have a very characteristic way of alighting face to the wind, crouching flat to the ground, walking briskly about, alternately pecking nervously and looking up for danger. In summer they are breeding and seem less abundant, but at other times you may always see them. In snow storms they alight and dig little holes through shallow snow and into the soft gravel and dust beneath it.

The people there call them "snow-birds," those who call them anything. A man who cares to name a bird at all is an exception, and to meet a man who really cares to know the correct name of a bird is almost alarming. In fact, I believe there are persons who do not realize that all birds have names.

One would suppose that to be a fancier and collector of "precious stones" to any degree of pleasure or profit, would require an ample fortune. That a man of moderate means can collect a sufficient variety of gems to illustrate their different colors and degrees of brilliancy seems at first very surprising. But I recently met a gentleman who has such a fancy and who says his collection cost him very little. Just how much that means I do not know. But I should guess not more than a few hundred dollars at the most. I saw only a few of them and cannot make any very definite statement, but it is evidently a fact that, by omitting diamonds, accepting imperfect but still illustrative and beautiful specimens, picking up specimens judiciously in one way and another, a man may indulge in a love for these beautiful things with pleasure to himself and his friends for less money than many a book, hen, pigeon, print, violin, or autograph collector spends.

When we read English books we find many plants and flowers mentioned by names familiar to

us in this country, but it is comparatively seldom that these names refer to the plants to which we apply them. This has led to much misunderstanding. So with birds—the robin, linnet, goldfinch of America are not those of England. I recently encountered quite a long article in the "Garden and Forest," entitled "Some Popular English Plant Names," which gives the botanical names of the principal plants mentioned in English literature and compared these plants with those known to Americans by the same or similar popular names. I make up from it a list which I think will prove interesting.

The Guelder rose is *Viburnum opulus,* the common snowball. Michaelmas daisies are various species of our wild asters which are cultivated in English gardens. The Christmas rose is the black hellebore (*Helleborus niger*). The Rowan-tree is the mountain ash. The tree commonly known as the Scotch fir is really a pine (*Pinus sylvestris*). The so-called Weymouth pine is our white pine. The sycamore of English books is a maple (*Acer pseudo-platanus*) not, as with us, the buttonwood. Certain willows are called sallows in England. The wayfaring tree is *Viburnum lantana.* The sloe is the fruit of what is called the blackthorn, which is not a thorn but a species of plum (*Prunus spinosa*). Witch hazel is the name we give to the *hamamelis,* but in

trans-atlantic literature it means the true hazel. The laurel of Europe is not our laurel. The hemlock of the Greeks and modern Europe is the poison *herb* and not the evergreen *tree* which is more properly called the hemlock-spruce. The true myrtle is *Myrtus communis,* a sweet-scented shrub with white blossoms. The name is sometimes wrongly applied to the periwinkle (*Vinca minor*). The woodbine is a species of honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenum*) while our "woodbine" is much more properly called the Virginia creeper. Whin, furze and gorse are all the same (*Ulex Europæus*) and the broom is similar. They are allied to the wood-waxen (*Genista tinctoria*), so common in the vicinity of Salem. Just what the eglantine was is uncertain. It was formerly, perhaps, the sweet-brier, but now the honeysuckle goes by that name in parts of England. Gilliflower used to signify generally a carnation pink but now usually means a wall flower or a stock. What the old shamrock was is also unknown. Nowadays, in Ireland, the name is applied both to the white clover and to the nonesuch (*Medicago lupulina*). But in England the name is given to the wood sorrel. The shrubby althæa is usually called the Rose of Sharon in this country, but in England a species of the St. Johnswort family has that name. The true daisy, almost everyone knows, is not the whiteweed. But the latter is

the French *marguerite*. The wax-work we often call the bitter sweet, but an Englishman writes the name as one word, bittersweet and means the nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*) which is poisonous and now naturalized in this country. London pride is a saxifrage. *Primula vulgaris* is the English primrose, while *Primula officinalis* is the cowslip, a name we apply to the marsh marigold.

A busy weather is ours most of the year—always "up to something," seldom letting well enough alone. We have all been looking in vain for "settled" weather since we were old enough to look for anything but snow—which is the sort of weather children learn to wish for first. But the weather never settles. To-day is always the effect of yesterday and the cause of to-morrow. Oh! if you crowd me ungenerously into a corner, I shall have to admit that we do enjoy in some seasons, in early summer and in autumn, and rarely in winter, quite a succession of almost clear days. And if you force me to a very literal use of the word "settled," I cannot deny that sometimes when the wind gets northeast we do experience for a week or ten days a very "settled" condition of darkness, dampness and chilliness. But compare our weather with that of some climates—even with that of some parts of our own country—and you will find

how insignificant these exceptions are. Here in New England there is ever going on a contest between the easterly damps and darkness and the westerly dry wind and bright sunshine—between "storm" and "pleasant weather," between cyclone and anticyclone, between low barometer and high barometer. The din and clatter and smoke of battle are the winds, the rain and snow and sleet, and the clouds.

Fogginess of the atmosphere is common enough with us for all practical and æsthetic purposes, but probably a dweller on the coast of southeastern Maine or of Nova Scotia, or a Londoner, would be surprised at any complaint we might make on that score. Whatever might be said of some of Boston's yellow fogs, the fogs of Salem and vicinity are not at all what is meant by a London fog. Yet our fogs seem to admit of some classification, are not all alike. Thus we have the fog of the night which the morning sun and breeze soon dissipate. Then we have the fog which an afternoon spring or summer sea-breeze occasionally brings in from the ocean—a brown bank with a ragged edge, it comes slowly creeping toward the land and up into the streets of the city, where it condenses upon the trees and falls in large drops upon the brick walks beneath them. Or it may crawl only up the river valleys, weakening as it goes, and prove itself by its speedy dissipation un-

able to overcome the dry inland air and to spread out over the country. Sometimes such fog will fly along over our heads as scraps of brownish scud. A moving white fog blown along near the ground in torn masses is not very uncommon, though we usually associate fog with perfect stillness.

But the typical fog with us, perhaps, is the one which so often comes in connection with a rain storm, occurring in the lull between the falling barometer and the rising barometer, after the easterly wind is done and before the westerly wind has begun to blow. This is often very noticeable in winter. After an easterly rain the wind will get southerly, though very light, and a fog will settle down over the sloshy, icy streets—a "snow-eater" the old-fashioned people call it—and will remain till the westerly breeze of the "anti-cyclone" begins and the barometer rises. We have wondered whether this fog is not rather an *effect* of the melting of the snow under favorable conditions, than a *cause* of it. There is something interesting and agreeable about a very thick fog, thick enough to be remarkable; but a moderately dense one, which hangs over us or among us day after day, becomes decidedly depressing.

To the eyes of a person accustomed to look for such things, a thick fog produces curious and picturesque effects. A bare tree which generally has

been seen against a dark building or against a thicket of its more distant fellows, now stands forth alone, distinct in every branch and twig, yet softened in tint, with the white gray of the fog for a background. A building, which has been to us merely one of many similar commonplace houses, now rears its lone and phantom form, a structure romantic and unique. In a dense fog (as in a snow storm but without the contest) one may walk a frequented street with an agreeable sense of seclusion. A man or woman is but a moving form without identity.

It is on the sea where a fog reveals its greatest power, where indeed it becomes a source of alarm and a cause of disaster. It is doubtful whether a person who has never been upon the water in a fog can imagine how utterly confusing such a situation may become. On land, in the city, we can always see some building or object, and the very street beneath our feet is guide enough; in the country, out of the highway a person might get bewildered, but if the face of the landscape is familiar it would be a dense fog indeed which would not allow some well-known tree, or wood, or barn, or wall, or hill, to be seen. But a man without a compass in a fog upon the water, if he be far enough from shore to prevent all sounds from reaching him, has nothing to guide him. If he go by the wind, it may have changed, and any

guess he makes, if it be incorrect, only serves to make more firm and more dangerous some false theory of direction which his mind has adopted. If he acknowledge he is lost, he is in a bad fix; if he deceive himself into an opinion that he knows just where he is, the chances are that he is in a worse fix. There is a game in which a blindfolded person turns around three times and then attempts to walk toward and blow out a candle he has previously seen. Such a person is like a man lost in a fog. The discussions now going on in Washington imply the dangers of fogs at sea. No one has travelled far upon a steamboat without being kept awake at times by the frequent deep whistle whose tremors jar the great ship. All along our coast, companions to the light-towers on island, reef and shore, the fog bells and fog whistles proclaim the danger of the fog. On foggy days, crowded waterways like the East and North rivers at New York are a tangle and a snarl of ferry-boats, tugs, ships, barges, canal-boats, steamers, whistling and cautiously feeling their devious ways through the disturbed waters.

This leads us to consider how utterly dependent we are upon what may be called a normal-condition of things. Whether primarily we are adjusted to our environment or our environment to us may be a subject suggestive of much speculation. But the adjustment is a fact, and that ad-

justment is to the usual condition of things. Important exceptions—fog, wind, extreme heat and cold, on the one hand, deafness, idiocy, disease, upon the other, make special precautions necessary. Inventions and discoveries are making more complete this adjustment even in these exceptional cases. But let fogs be denser and more prolonged, storms of a violence hitherto unknown, the chemical composition of the air a little varied, man's organization changed in a certain degree, the sun's heat increased considerably or diminished, and how the relations between things would be disturbed! In fact, a little coal gas in all the air, a little colder weather than ever was known on the earth, a few rays from the sun reaching us a little too hot, any one of these, would rid the earth of men as tobacco smoke rids a geranium of aphides.

The mind goes forth upon a wonder journey, up to mountain peaks and higher yet, down into mines and lower still. How hot is the air which simmers over blazing sands, how cold the deadliest, blackest polar frost! The very hottest of earthly heat — how hot is it? — the whitest —blinding white—roaring blast-furnace where iron runs like water; the rumbling, retching bowels of Vesuvius, where vast lakes of molten lava toss their horrid billows; the raging, flaming immensity of the sun; yea, places where even rocks and metals are but vapor—how hot are these? One's very imagina-

tion shrivels. And if cold be the absence of heat, what is absolute cold? What is the temperature of interstellar space? Are there immeasurable, black, atmosphereless gulfs, so *far* from every sun as to have no light, not even any heat? The cold there would be no Fahrenheit zero, but an absolute zero, unthinkable, terrible—and we come shrinking back to our little life, our little cares and hopes. And as, O scientist, our minds find in these gropings only such hopeless cold, such deadly heat, do you grudge us a hope which is not in the depths of space but in the profound love and wisdom of a welcoming God?

By the Sea.

I love the lonely sea
Full of a mystery
  It cannot tell;
Its soft kiss for the shore,
Its loud and angry roar,
  Its dying swell.

Strangely it moves my heart
With its low mournful part
  In the world's strain;
Full is its magic voice
Of joy, when we rejoice,
  Of grief or pain.

And yet thou lov'st not me,
O great and lonely sea,
Proud in thy might!
Take but this aching heart,
Make it of thine a part,
Or still it quite.

G. J. B.

Certain times are for us *waiting-times*. Some persons have more "waiting times" than others because of the circumstances of their lives or because of their own habits. People wait for trains, meals, appointees, a change of weather. Some exceptional persons become confirmed in a habit of perpetual waiting, like tramps and vagabonds and people with rich leisure but useless. How not to wait is a valuable secret which many have not discovered. It is certainly a bad sign to be obliged to "kill time." Time is the enemy of the waiter. He thinks so at least. Waiting is watching and enduring the slow passage of time which we have no use for. Yet we fondly hope for eternal life. How will the time-killers dispose of eternity? *Patience* is said to be the remedy for waiters. Waiters may be losers—except *patient* ones. But I find patience and courage not to be easily put on like a loose coat. Yet I recommend them just as others do.

I suppose "not to wait" is the best way to wait with *patience;* most easily to kill time one should

show no enmity to him. It is only as we welcome time, accept his help, make friends with him that we kill him. The more we consciously strike at him and scold him the more lively he becomes. To forget the thing waited for, if possible—that is the first thing. This is sometimes easy enough, but often well nigh impossible, as where there is anxiety to be relieved or loved ones are to be met. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. How long, O Lord, how long? Oh! the weariness of some waiting—where the time to be borne is not hours or months, but long, long years.

But most of the incidents of life are not tragic, and most of life's awaiting is a minor hardship. Children cannot wait. It must be *now*. Oh! how far away is next week's Christmas or Fourth of July! Some adults are almost like children in this sort of impatience—nervous, fanciful, quick-pulsed people, while others seem never to wait. If the train is delayed it gives them just the coveted opportunity for a smoke, an errand, a rest; and their heart thumps along in the same calm way. I am speaking of temperament. Some sanguine, imaginative persons keep their minds away ahead of their doings. Their eye is on the beacon or the will-o'-the-wisp. They have already in imagination reached B—— at 4 o'clock, met C—— at 4.30, settled the business by 6, and started back on the 6.15 train—when *bang*, comes this fabric

to the ground, because the train is missed or itself misses going more than a mile. They *must* then wait, and even though the affair be unimportant their whole muscular system is tremulous, their whole self upset.

One of the many great objects of human culture is the education of the faculty for using the present moment to the best advantage. The importance and significance of the *Now* is something for all to learn. Even in waiting—*especially in waiting*—this importance is real and should not be lost sight of. To fume and fret and grumble, to worry and weep and strain the nerves up to almost the breaking point, these are never best. Do something, look at or think of something, do not fight the time but get on good terms with it and make use of it. This rule may be applied in some quite serious cases, if not in the most serious. Even those who lie on beds of pain and weakness, or sit beside them and wait wearily, as the clock-strikings go by, for the morning, can generally help matters by trying. Blessed, at such time, seemeth the nerveless, phlegmatic nature.

If you wait for the train, you may take mental, graphic or literary notes of the other waiters, the baggage men, hackmen, and the venders of railroad lunch. Ah, but those little rural railway stations, and in seasons when there is no bird to sing or cricket to chirp! How wearisome the time-

tables, the illuminated railway wall posters, the stove, the sawdust spitbox, the telegraphic tickings, become. However, in some way improve the time. It can generally be done. Do not bear in mind that *that* is what you are doing. Give up the train and devote yourself to the business in hand, whether it be ascertaining every species of tree in sight, scraping acquaintance with a very crabbed and unsocial railway sub-official, or exploring the neighborhood. I read lately of a man, a newspaper lover, who made so many cuttings that scrap-books soon became a burden from his too indiscriminate industry. So he made a sort of pocket-book into which he put all fresh cuttings, which in spare moments he took out and read and re-read. The result was that he was able to get the good of the material in leisure moments, and to determine just what pieces or parts of pieces were worth permanently preserving, which turned out to be very few. His scrap-books were less cumbersome but much more useful. Lots of valuable reading may be carried in the pocket in the form of newspaper cuttings. Some one has told what important books he read merely in the spare moments while he waited for his meals at a boarding house.

But much of our waiting is really unnecessary. By cultivating the habit of constant industry a large proportion of one's sense of waiting may be

altogether eliminated. When we wait for trains, or a guest, or for a belated dinner, the sense of waiting can hardly be utterly destroyed. But the spirit of waiting grows upon one in life. Some pretty big thing we shall do, when we grow up, when it stops raining, when we get our new store. I do not mean procrastination, though that is akin. It is not so much a putting off something which ought to be done now, as a refusal to do the best possible now and awaiting to do that better thing which will be possible by and by. It would be foolish not to admit the practical hindrance of life. But still, how much time we do actually *kill* by waiting for this, that and the other.

Persons in a suffering condition of waiting—lonesome, homesick, counting days — naturally envy the patience of animals. A dog is eager for a bone and animals often hurry, to be sure—but, compared with men, they can hardly be said as a rule to *wait*. They make others wait. If a beast wants to sit still, he sits and sits and sits, and if you are a naturalist you wait and wait and wait. Why, my dear fellow, there is still a nap to come, then a toilet, then more stillness. There is time enough. It is ever *now* with the creature. Even the liveliest of animals show this ignorance of the notion of lapse of time. The bird hops about on the tree, the squirrel darts along the branches, the

fly buzzes incessantly in the sunshine; but if you observe long enough, you will see signs of this infinite animal leisure. Reptiles are exceptionally good illustrations of this truth. All the stories of a toad in a hole are not true, but he likes the comfortable present; and the nap of a boa is refreshing to read of. This repose of animals, of nature, though of a low type, may well be emulated by some individuals. This sort of waiting is often desirable. To wait without feeling it — to wait joyfully—leaving a margin to your work, as somebody says,—is just the opposite of the waiting of impatience. Learn to labor and to wait.

I have entertained all this day an unprofitable sense of waiting, though I have not been idle. The rain is over, the wind west, yet the clouds hang, and I wait and wait for the sky to clear. But the world moves on, the fowls are scattered along the road scratching and pecking, and as I look at the old orchard opposite, I notice upon the black damp trunks and limbs how bright the green lichens are in this weather—the weather they love, when they change from brittle dryness into moist tenderness. Nothing but man seems really to wait, forgetting the present in a feverish, unwholesome hurry for the future.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait," sings Burroughs. He is sure his own will come to him.

This is a side of truth which many feverishly impatient persons need. It is a good thing to learn such patience. He serves who only stands and waits. This does not mean listlessness or lack of energy. Life is all paradox.

In Autumn.

The heavy clouds hang low,
The night is dark and still,
My bark is floating on
Without or aim or will,—
Dark, lone and still.

Gleams of a past divine,
Lights from an unknown shore,
Trembling through mists of memory, shine
And beckon on before,—
On far before.

My bark is floating free,
And all is dim and still;
A Shadow sits and waits for me,
A Shadow on an unknown sea,—
Waits not *my* will!

G. J. B.

The 1889 individual in the long list of New England Thanksgiving days has passed to the rear with its fellows. How much has been written of

this day in all its aspects—religious, social, benevolent, domestic, festive and athletic. Few go to church. Few, I fear, are very thankful, or any more so than usual. The family reunions are the most notable and characteristic celebrations of the day. The children (often gray-haired), the grandchildren, and possibly the great-grandchild—what a table-full! Full on top and around the edge. There are stray relatives too, and often the bachelor or maiden friend. These single people do not object on that day to have their singleness recognized—even to have it the subject of some good-natured banter or made the excuse for some rather ill-founded pity. They appreciate good fellowship, turkey and giblet gravy, and the good fun afterward. But there is no need of continually reminding your single friends that you commiserate them. Still, I suppose that on Thanksgiving day an "old maid" or "old bach" is not so likely to take offence as at other times.

Happy the circle where the missing faces have been missing so very many years that their memory casts no sadness upon the party. In some cases, the very hands that carved the turkey last year, the lips whence came the brightest jokes are still. But most families can be jolly. Where they can, let them be.

NO MORE.

O strange no more !
Which soundeth like the roar
Of forests dim ;
When, in the dead of night,
Beneath a cloudy light,
They pour their hymn.

O sad no more !
Like a far-shutting door
Heard in the night ;
Or like the sullen wave,
When angry demons rave,
'Twixt dark and light.

O dread no more !
Thine influence pour
In twilight gray ;
When over wood and wild,
The last faint ray has smiled,
And died away.

No more, no more !
Only a low, dark shore,
Beneath the sun ;
Only a breaking wave,
A lone, forgotten grave,
And all is done.

G. J. B.

Coming home to Thanksgiving! What pleasure in the thought! The "boys" gather from out west, from down south, perhaps there is one from over the seas. No matter what high positions in business or state they fill, they are plain Howard, and Charles and Frederick to "mother." Grandma has been in a tremor of anticipation for many days. She wants to see the babies which have been born in the far-away homes. She knit socks for them before they were born and has sent many little gifts since that time. Although she has received their photographs in various stages of their development, yet that these great romping boys, these lively girls, can really be "the babies" seems to her incredible. They are a little shy at first, but speedily yield to the not always considerate temptations of the fond grandma. A New England institution is this day, though adopted by the nation.

The captive snow-bird retained a fine appetite and did not yield to despondency. There was no frantic beating against the wires as long as nobody went near the cage, but there was a great deal of restlessness, and it was quite evident that the free exercise in the open air was greatly missed. So we determined to give him his liberty. But the foolish fellow flew directly into the same shed where he had been first captured, dashed at

the window and was immediately caught a second time. He deserved a longer imprisonment, but was taken farther away, liberated, and then flew into a tree and afterwards away.

To-day is the farewell day of autumn. A few leaves and some withered apples are hanging on the trees in sight from the window. The wind from the northwest has a wintry roar to it in the bare branches and it will freeze very hard to-night, so that December will come in with a red nose and rubbing his hands.

MATER DOLOROSA.

I mourn my child! winds, woods and waves are whispering
Their secret sorrow on the enchanted air;
The deeps of night a sadder lustre borrow,
As burning tears drop over one so fair.

With dumb, dead woe the ocean heaves her bosom,
Like a brute creature filled with unknown pain;
And clouds go wildly driven through the heaven,
As though in hope the lost one to regain.

With saintly sorrow but with no revealing
Of him we mourn, steals up the silent moon,
Through cloud, o'er land and sea with tender feeling,—
To the dark troubled earth a priceless boon.

And so the night moves on in holy sorrow,
No word or token of the dear one fled,
Only dim, broken murmurs, soft and sighing,
Fall from the mother watching o'er her dead.

Float, silent night, into the silent ocean,
Which bounds all nights, all being, and all time;
Into the endless deeps from whence no motion
Reveals the secret of my mournful rhyme.

G. J. B.

WINTER.

WINTER.

The white of the snow is enchanting;
Tell not of the ice-tree in words;
There is joy in the bells of the snow-crunching sleigh,
In the ruddy cheek and the laughter gay,
But I long for the song of the birds.

The nimble titmouse is cheery,
The woodpecker's screech I have heard,
The little grey sparrows from over the sea
Chirp out a wee morsel of solace to me,
But not as the song of a bird.

Is summer real and coming,
With its waving green and its herds?—
For the greatest good the winter can bring
Is the hope in me of returning spring,
And the joyous song of the birds.

W. G. B.

DECEMBER.

It is to-day one of those warm winter days which a good many persons call delightful and which undoubtedly are an economy to some people, perhaps wholesome to others. There has been an imitation "clearing off;" the wind "in," scud briskly flying from the west, a slight rise in the barometer, and now bright sunshine. But the thermometer stands above 60 degrees, overcoats hang burdensome from the drooping shoulders, and the stoves, radiators, and registers are shunned. Careless people change clothing and sit in draughts. As I look across the road from an open window (I am at the other side of the room), I can see in the sunbeams many insect forms flying around like golden specks, as if it were really summer and all this not a delusion and a snare. Over the grass land, beyond the bank-wall opposite flits a buff colored moth. Much insect life is waiting in eggs and pupa; but I have no doubt that all through the winter there lie in cracks and crevices myriads of flying forms ready to come forth at the slightest warmth. The temperature has been down to ten degrees already this season; and all these little creatures have had their heads under their wings,

poor things, in somebody's barn. A spider's thread moves up and down in the zephyr, and the few inches of it which reflect the sun in a tiny line of silver and which alone reveal the presence of the thread, change place with the motion. And now the sun is partially hidden again, a mackerel sky is drifting slowly over the blue expanse, the barometer is stationary, and it is very probable that the real clearing away has not yet come.

I have in my window a dandelion which is now growing in fine style and which I hope will put forth its yellow blossoms in a few weeks. If it does they will look very beautiful in this winter season. I have also two snapdragon plants which grew very slowly during the summer. They have made a great growth in the house and one is budded so there is a good prospect of winter snapdragons. A person who would care little for the stock pot plants, such as geraniums and fuchsias, might find a good deal to interest him (or her) in the wintering and forcing of some of our common plants, or in the autumn house planting of some seeds. There are many pleasant experiments of this sort which one can make, which will have a different sort of interest from that of house plants so called. I have never cared to *take pains* to raise fine flowers even in the garden. Perhaps the conviction that with extreme pains I could only attain mediocrity, was the reason. But I have always been fond of plant-

ing seeds and then watching the results. One year I got some tube-rose bulbs and started them near the kitchen stove with much water. After I set them out I watered them every day. It seemed as if I spent a large portion of my spare time that season watering those tube-roses. One or two ran up long stalks and gave me a few blossoms. These blossoms have been wrung from me—a dozen fragrant blossoms from a whole summer's perspiring. Nothing is more beautiful than a lot of blooming hyacinths in the winter. I got some bulbs years ago, set them in glasses, blue, green and wine colored, in the dark cellar to produce roots. I changed the water now and then, though now I am told it is unnecessary, and the roots did well. I do not remember much about the flowers. I think they were too much in a hurry to open and never properly developed. You should have done this or that, says the reader. Yes, but it is folly to attempt such things unless you have a strong enthusiasm to buoy you up. Dig up a weed, pot it, bring it into a sunny window, water it, and watch it, and it will amuse you just as my snapdragons and dandelion do me. What a town Beverly is for window gardening! Old and middle-aged ladies and house plants are abundant in that town and give the place a very pleasant atmosphere, shoe factories notwithstanding.

THE HAYSTACKS ON THE MARSHES.

TO BE READ IN THE CARS.

"And eastward cold wide marshes stretched away,
Dull dreary flats without a bush or tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day
Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore."

WHITTIER.

In the ripening hazy Autumn
Sped the morning train to Boston,
Past the back-doors of the shoe-shops,
Heaped about with rotting refuse,
Out into the breezy freedom
Of the open Saugus marshes,
Where the flocking swallows floated,
Darted, wheeled, and turned sharp corners,
While I, seated by the window,
Watched the hay-stacks on the marshes.
Whence they come I've often wondered—
Fancied that they grew—like mushrooms,
In the silent summer night-time.
Though they lessen in the winter,
Through long months they dot the marshes.
Many, blinded, do not see them,
But the prattling children count them,

And the wise man, with his paper,
Looks up frowning from his reading.
Well I know those quaint old hay-stacks:
In the foreground, rough and homely
On their aged staked foundations;
In the distance, soft and hazy
'Gainst the russet Saugus hillsides.
Methinks, writing, I can see them,
For they all in mystic dancing
Ever join, when I am passing;
Never still, but always whirling
Round and round in mazy changes,
Softly gliding o'er the surface
Of the level, roomy marshes:
In the distance, creeping onward
With the wooded hills of Saugus,
With the train a great procession;
Those near by, all wildly plunging
Back to join the wake behind us;
Those between in magic motion
Swinging round an unknown centre.
Parallax, triangulation,
All the rules in mensuration,
Figure here in this strange dancing.
When the thick and tumbled ice-cakes,
In the marsh-lands' arctic winter,
Cover all the creeks and grass-land,
Still they dance and dash behind us,
Windward-whitened by the snow-storms,
Still they whirl around that centre.

In the rain and in the sunshine,
In the floods of swelling ocean,
In the pale and silver moonlight
With their slow revolving shadows,
You may see them from the window,
Halting, running, slowly creeping,
Swiftly flying, wildly leaping,
Dodging round behind each other,
In a second reappearing,
While the train goes rushing onward.
I shall sing no moral lesson—
Cannot even tell my friendship
For those brown and sea-blown hay-stacks;
But if, when you ride to Boston,
You will peep to see the beauties
And the wonders of the marshes,
You shall so reward the writer.

W. G. B.

How much—one might write how altogether—is such a holiday as Christmas dependent upon its traditions, its long, interesting and honorable history. We in America, to be sure, find ourselves almost lacking in any American traditions of the day, but English history and literature touch us so closely that we are scarcely conscious of the lack, now that the observance of the day has come strongly into vogue. Our own American holidays have not yet acquired the aroma, the mellowness, the firmly established character, which time alone

can give. Even the Fourth of July has not yet taken to itself much of dignity—we suspect, indeed, is not celebrated yet in what will prove to be a permanent fashion. Now that we have adopted Christmas, making it American as well as English and German, we can claim for our own all the delightful essence (one may call it) of the day which permeates its literature and history. Shamming and dissipation, no doubt, are intermingled, but the proportion of real good-will and good-cheer, written and unwritten, is immense and belongs to us. We should join in preserving the best qualities of all this, impersonating (as it were) the Divine good-will in ours to our fellows, keeping the custom of gift-giving sacred and full of meaning, and above all, granting to the little ones all the joy at our command, for these joys of childhood after the age of five years are a perpetual possession for them which no accumulation of sorrow is likely ever to blot out.

It has become somewhat the fashion to refer to these crowds on the sidewalks and in the shops, half joyous, half anxious, bundle-laden despite the orders to the shopkeepers to deliver, as composed in the greatest part of individuals perplexed in buying things to pay for what they expect to receive themselves, or bored because some acquaintances will expect a present,—and in nine cases out of ten extravagant. I do not believe this. Unworthy

motives may actuate some of these people, complex motives difficult to analyze may influence others. But I would rather believe, and I am glad to say I can believe, that the commonest, the general motive for all this stir is the desire to increase the happiness of others. Of course there are involved perplexity, fatigue, half-regrets, an occasional sense of bondage to custom in certain cases, and some buyers undoubtedly spend more money than they can afford. But I believe the chief anticipations in most of these hearts are of the exclamations and the smiles which the purchased articles will elicit from their recipients. If we are such purists as to spy out what selfishness may be in this enjoyment of the pleasure of others, or in their thanks, we are rather unfortunate.

I am sure that the sweetest enjoyment of the day *pertains* to the children; but whether it is the delight of the children themselves or of the grown persons who are looking on, I cannot say. Notwithstanding the fact that all the children of the family cannot possess the same toy at the same instant, and the other dismaller fact that drums and trumpets and bellows-blown animals may form a part of the new accessions, there is more pleasure for young and old on Xmas morning than on any other morning of the year. One is tempted nowadays to buy a dozen cheap toys instead of two or three good ones. A well made truck-cart is worth

fifty glued and pasted toys. Give to a child a single durable thing rather than six which will surely be broken ere night. Too much number and variety only bewilder their little heads. In making presents to adults, let there be something of the giver in the gift. If the giver cannot *make* the article himself, let him *buy* with much care and discrimination and put himself into it in that way. Money is welcome where needed. But to give money merely because you are too indolent to think of a welcome gift is a sort of sweet neglect. We please a friend by knowing what he wants almost as much as by giving it to him.

I sometimes wonder how many persons there are who feel in their adult years as strongly as I do the effect of those anticipations of gifts which filled their youthful minds for days previous to Christmas, particularly the excitement of the previous night, causing light and intermittent sleep filled with dreams. In my mind this all still exists as a sort of scar with a pleasant soreness. I do not remember ever to have entertained the Santa Claus delusion at all. It was a pretty fiction to me, and upon the whole, without claiming any very rigid notions upon the subject, I think it best that children be undeceived in the matter. A six-year-old girl with whom I have some talk occasionally, steadfastly claims however that I am wrong in my idea that there is no real Santa Claus. She gets

the best of the argument as she does in regard to whether angels invariably have wings. Has she not seen the benignant Santa in pictures which she brings to me in triumph, as she does the pictures of winged angels? Did she not receive presents at his hands in the church—Mr. Claus himself, grey beard and all? Did he not ride in state in the cavalcade of Mr. Barnum and his "equal owner?" So I abandon my side without admitting defeat. While I never had that belief, I did have the anticipatory restlessness of the night before to an excess. The dawn was very gray when I crept out to grope for the paper parcels, cool and mysterious. The rustle and rattle of the paper was very loud, and one by one the mysteries were solved as nearly as they could be in the dark. Do you not remember how you would play with a jumping-jack for an hour, thinking it brown, and it would turn out to be bright red? and the cover of a book the same?

I adopted the fashion of hanging up a pillow-case at one time. I do not think I ever had it filled, but I remember pulling a good-sized snow-shovel out of it. Years and years afterward, paper-enwrapped packages on Christmas morning still gave me a thrill, and now my sympathy with the excitement of the children is active with these stimulating memories.

New Year's day is all in the shade as a present-exchanging time. The greetings fly about as much as ever and good resolutions are contracted

for and built, too often of very cheap materials, so that the wind of the next week brings ruin. Too often they are like an ice palace, a prey to the "January thaw." I believe ministers are a little given to ridiculing the idea that New Year resolutions are any better than others. But I am inclined to think they are better, and that as a matter of fact the mortar laid then is more durable. Of course the notion of a "New year" January 1st, is merely arbitrary, but that is nothing against it. "What everybody says must be true" applies to this fact of a new year—makes it a *fact* in *fact*. One seems to be more easily able to do as St. Paul advises on that day, forget the things that are behind. To cut off one's past and leave it (as nearly as this is possible) is a great privilege, and when we change the number of the year we can most easily drop what we want to forget with the '89. Shall we not, you ask, keep writing those figures by mistake on our letters, and in our account books? Alas! we are the product of the past, how can we shed a part of ourselves? But life must be a growing out of something and a growing into something else, and we should see to it what we grow into. But I do not advise postponing resolutions to January first.

In a shallow glass dish of water on the desk before me are two rather fleshy leaves, three or four inches long and a couple of inches wide. One of

these has been lying in water some days (I do not know just how long) and from some of the notches in its margin have sprouted tiny plants, one of which is half an inch high. If I take up this leaf I find that each one of these tiny plants has thread-like roots running along upon the under wet surface of the leaf. In a pot upon the window sill I have placed the biggest of these little plants in earth. The other leaf, which has been in the water only a couple of days or so, has white roots just starting from its notches. Some of my readers may have heard of such a thing before; I never did It is just as if one should take the leaf of an elm-tree, throw it into water, and in a few days see a little elm tree sprouting from every notch. The plant whence these leaves came was one of a colony which grew from the notches of one leaf brought from Bermuda last summer among some pressed plants. The name of the plant is *Bryophyllum calycinum*. It is a near relative of the sedums and houseleeks and a native of the East Indies which now grows freely upon most of the West India Islands. It is said to be very abundant upon the limestone walls in the Bermuda Islands. I suppose it is only one of the many wonderful things which are not very uncommon.

Who has done justice to the beauty of the snow? Have Burroughs, Thoreau, Emerson, Mitchell, Hawthorne, Whittier, or hosts of others? Nothing

in nature—not even flowing water or the clouds or the flight of an eagle—has the grace of the snow. Who shall collect the best things already said by poet, novelist, essayist? Who, above all, shall say better, completer things? Is it not fresh every year, as though never seen before, or as though falling from that fairy land of the past where all childhood's delights do dwell? I will allow no practical truth of overshoe or blizzard to scare from me that ideal attachment to the snow. The treasures of it as a thing of beauty cannot be numbered: the million motions of the flakes, uniform and diverse; the various grades of the obscuration of the distance; the first powdering of the ground; the earlier accumulations of street, filled hollow, tiny drifts, lodgings on sill and cap and roof, on grass or gravel or wood; the decorative effects upon trees, men, animals, windows, railroad cars; the even downward glide of the multitudinous big flakes; the whirl and rush of the drifting storm; the buried world afterward. However well done all this has been in literature, there is that within us when the snow comes which makes us feel that much of the literature of the snow is yet to come. Then there are the terrors of the blizzard, which, till that awful March storm came, the people of southern New England and the Middle States thought a thing only of the Great Plains.

The big red apples are always hung on the

Christmas tree with the oranges and bright trifles. There is a dishful of fine plump shiny Baldwins upon the table near me now, some of which have, I guess, still clinging to the stem, bits of the cotton cord by which they were fastened to the little white pine the other evening. Yet, however attractive to child or adult an apple ordinarily may be, that fruit is commonly neglected upon such holiday occasions. Have you never passed around a dish of apples to a little company of an evening when rarer dainties were served and been really mortified at the succession of refusals to accept one? Had they not all apples at home? Could not the boys get an apple any time, but were not oranges, preserved fruit, and sugared figs, company treat? Who wants an apple? Phew, their very odor is common. And so out of the large company only two accept—one old gentleman who slices his carefully with his silver knife, and a two-year-old who takes two shallow bites before the apple rolls under the sofa. I have called attention to this occasional neglect of a really well-beloved fruit to tell how different my experience with it was in a little town away out on the Western Plains almost in sight of the Rockies, where not only apple trees but all trees and well nigh all shrubs were unknown. Call a company together of the best people in town—and they were fashionably dressed and well-bred people—the same sort

of people who would refuse apples in Massachusetts—pass around your dish of apples, and the probability is that every person in the room, both ladies and gentlemen, will accept an apple without hesitation and eat it with a relish that will surprise you if you are an eastern man.

Now that Christmas is over and the new knick-knacks are prominently placed in parlor or bedroom (is it not a puzzle what some were intended for?), and we know for certain whether a new knife or sealskin sacque was coming as we hoped, are we disappointed? I trust we had not set our heart upon something we did not get. If so it will go toward showing that we had best devote our minds to *giving* at this season. Of course, if we have a rich Uncle John who always has given something handsome but whose gift for 1889 did not come, we cannot help wondering why. Perhaps he thinks we are too old now for his favors. Those who have devoted themselves solely to the making happy of other hearts have had a "merrie Christmas," I am very sure. How the children's eyes did stick out! But dolls are already in a condition for the hospital and vehicles for the repair-shop. What a Christmas day! Disagreeable and inappropriate to my mind and body, but in itself beautiful, clear-skied, breezy, and mild to excess—the thermometer rising to 63°.

W. G. B.

E. B. B.

Proud summers perish ; prouder autumns fade
In winter ; sunsets languish into night ;
Earth owes no charm however high and bright,
But in the dust of death, at length, 'tis laid.

O'er many a broken promise had I wept,
And many a star had seen swept forth from night
By Doom's relentless finger ; many a blight
Fallen on brows where love's first kiss yet slept,—

But thou, great Genius, of a mighty name,
Yet meek and simple as a child alway :
Great hearted sufferer ! greater than thy fame !
I had not dreamed that thou *could'st* pass away !

I mourn thee, for I loved ; and now I know
I may not see thee till from hence *I* go !

G. J. B.

GEORGE J. BREED.

A few weeks after Dr. Tuckerman and on the same day with Gen. Oliver, there died in Boston a third notable Salem musician, Mr. Geo. J. Breed. Although I have often enjoyed his fine playing, I feel hardly competent to independently judge his musical ability. But his musical sympathy and insight were remarkable, while his strength and originality as a composer of psalmody I have

never heard questioned. His acquaintances cannot help regretting that he so modestly held himself back from publicity, for it is believed that the reason he did not achieve fame or a high and lucrative position in music was because he did not seek them. Some of his compositions have, I believe, been published, and probably many more just as worthy of publication remain in MS. Still, even though his light was not set high on a candlestick, it was not hid under a bushel, for he was generous in his playing to his friends, and when he did play it was with his whole mind and soul as well as with his fingers—entranced himself and entrancing his hearers.

But he was not chiefly a musician, as perhaps most persons thought—much less a mere oddity, as some have hinted. His nature was essentially contemplative, philosophic, religious, poetic, literary. He was a constant reader—and of the very best, such as the Four Gospels, Paul's Epistles, Shakespeare, Carlyle, Emerson, Robert and Mrs. Browning, Wm. Black; a keen observer, especially of men and women; a profound and original thinker upon human nature, life, death, and the hereafter. In short he was chiefly a poet—not as a verse-maker (although he has written and printed good verses, and has no doubt left much more both verse and prose), but as a seer of every thing and thought in their poetic light and signifi-

cance. He yielded himself to the claims of the *beautiful*. He made of the most common-place adventure — yet without untruth — a tale of romance.

It would be foolish to deny that he was "peculiar." His life was not without mistakes, and he may have carried his individuality to an occasional extreme. But he had not the smallest vice that I know of, and his conversation was purity itself. As usual, his "peculiarities," or whatever they are called, were doubtless much exaggerated in the mouths and minds of those who knew him superficially, and were often mere unconventionalities. At least they were not affectations, but like his strong (and sometimes whimsical and amusing) likes and dislikes, perfectly spontaneous and sincere. He dwelt in an ideal world, and to him, with his mind set often on the unseen and the mystical, things, which in the eyes of his thrifty fellows were all important, appeared trivial or not to exist. And the clock dial had no terrors for him. What o'clock is it in the *now* of the eternal? Therefore he was now and then led out of harmony with his associates whose vocations or domestic arrangements called for regular hours. But he did not willingly cause inconvenience. He was absent-minded, but no one else more heartily enjoyed the laughter at his expense, called forth by his own narrative of ludicrous experience on account of this failing. Pe-

culiar? No doubt he was. But the closer one's acquaintance with him the less these peculiarities were accounted—nay, rather, and even in spite of one's judgment, they became attractions, or as a friend of his said to me "ornaments," as it were "becoming" to him. He was decidedly an "interesting" man. As Emerson said of Margaret Fuller, everything about him was interesting. In dress he was independent, having his own comfort solely in view, but never noticeably strange nor wearing anything for effect, and always neat. I say this because some persons speak as if he were what is vulgarly called "a crank," which is utterly false.

His departure has left a great void, not in the world of business, art, literature, or even music, but in the hearts of his friends. Something has gone out of their experience—something delightful, peaceful, romantic, beautiful. His nature was not effeminate, but at the same time there was in his delicate taste and refined sensibility, somewhat almost feminine, and the more easily did acquaintance with him in some cases ripen through an increasing friendship into a tender affection. The sudden news of his death came to such friends with the force of a shock, as if a dear one had departed, which indeed was true. No man or woman without somewhat similar tastes could know him. His was a deep and innermost spirit not to be lightly gauged by outward manner or appearance. Those

who did know him, as they now look back, treasure the slightest recollection of face, figure, voice, manner, as something sweet and beautiful — his handsome, intelligent eye, his symmetrical bald head with its thin fringe of hair, his spreading beard, his quiet greeting, his dreamy, musing, fascinating, kindly talk. He loved to drop in of an evening unannounced and unexpected, and then he would sit with hat or book shading his eyes, and with little droll mannerisms of speech and gesture, relate some astonishing or diverting adventure of the day, or talk far into the night upon the mysteries of life and thought, upon the truths of religion and the speculations of philosophy. What a sense of the humorous he had! What rich appreciation of a witty remark in that intent twinkling gaze into your face! What contagion in his laugh—at first smothered, then sizzling or bursting forth uncontrollable. His rendering of poetry was very impressive. There was a freshness about him as of Nature herself, and his comments and criticisms on men and books were always original and generally just. He loved Nature and was alive to her beauties, but loved more than her, I think, the human face. Portraits had a great charm for him, and guessing at the character of the person from the picture was a favorite amusement. When at his home he lived from choice in what most people would call a lonely way, but he spent weeks or

months together at the homes of friends, where his refined tastes, gentle, genial disposition, and musical talents made him always welcome. Yes! we will call him *dear* — "dear Breed" — and we love to think, as suggested by the clergyman who so fittingly led the funeral service, that some of those tough problems over which he too much puzzled his brain have at least begun to be answered, and that the God, toward whom he reached forth continually, has granted him a fuller assurance of His love and guidance. His was a rare genius. The memory of him will always be fragrant.

W. G. B.

Salem, August, 1885.

L'ENVOI.

Now sleep, beloved, sleep, thy days are ended
Beneath the sun;
Sleep, by the blessed flowers so softly tended,
The end is won.

Secure of change, at last in peace thou liest
On earth's fond breast;
Nor longer 'mid her vanities thou sighest,—
Well, well at rest!

G. J. B.

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